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# SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE FIRST

APPARENT SYMPTOMS

OF THE LATE

REBELLION IN THE COUNTY OF

*KILDARE,*

AND AN ADJOINING PART OF THE

*KING'S COUNTY;*

WITH

A Succinct Narrative of some of the most remarkable Passages  
in the Rise and Progress of the

REBELLION IN THE COUNTY OF WEXFORD,

*Especially in the Vicinity of*

**R O S S;**

And a minute Detail of the BATTLE fought in and near  
that Town on the 5th of June, 1798,

IN A LETTER TO WENTWORTH ALEXANDER, ESQ.,  
OF THE MONASTEREVAN CAVALRY.

---

*To which are added, by Way of Appendix,*  
A CURIOUS LETTER, supposed to be written by a penitent  
Rebel, and other entertaining Matters.

---

BY JAMES ALEXANDER, ESQ.

*Late temporary Major of the Ross Unarmed Loyalists.*

---

"Quoque ipse miserrima vidi."

Virg. Æn. Lib. II. lin. 5;

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D U B L I N :

PRINTED BY JOHN JONES, NO. 91, BRIDE-STREET.

1800.

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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOHNSON.

SIR,

THE grateful esteem in which you are justly held, not only by the author of the following pages, (which are now at my disposal) but by every loyal subject of our amiable Sovereign, leaves it beyond a doubt to whom this little work ought to be inscribed.

THAT you may long live an ornament to your country, possessed of the highest esteem of every good and every great man, and continue to meet the just reward of your superlative merit as a *General* officer, and as the

Hodges  
29 Dec. 1921

## DEDICATION.

most eminent deliverer of your country, from  
a dreadful continuation of the late rebellion,  
must be the wish of millions, as well as of,

Sir,

Your most obedient, and

Most humble Servant,

*The Publisher, JOHN JONES.*

*Public Printing-office,  
No. 91, Bride-street, Dublin,  
April 29, 1800.*

ADVERTISEMENT.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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NEVER, I believe, had any author a juster claim on public indulgence than myself, from the consideration of the shortness of time to which I have been *necessarily* confined in order to produce the following imperfect, though, in many respects, minute detail. Besides this, my minutes lay so very long on my hands as to become almost unintelligible to myself. On this account I may have slipped into errors either of time, place, or circumstance; nay, perhaps, of all three. I therefore beg, that any gentleman who may have been better informed in any particular than I, will have the goodness to intimate any such errors of mine *to myself only*, in order to their being rectified. Certain it is, however, *the more important accounts are well authenticated*; and I am disposed to imagine, that, *there is not one circumstantial error throughout the whole*, however

however immethodically I may have proceeded in some places. It is now so long since I wrote the account, and it not being in my possession, or nearer to me than Dublin, I almost forget whether I have made those apologies in the course of the work. I know I have said something therein to the general purpose.

JAMES ALEXANDER.

*Ross, Feb, 12, 1860.*

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*As drawn up by the Publisher.\**

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TO

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## *To the Editor.*

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NEW ROSS; JANUARY 1st, 1800.

Sir,

At your particular request, I send you some account of the late rebellion in this kingdom, particularly in the county of Wexford; and of the tremendous battle of this town. Of the rebellion I can give but slight, though not unimportant, nor, perhaps, unentertaining sketches; some of which I have obtained at the repeated hazard of my life: And, concerning the battle, my account is furnished from every good authority to which I could have convenient access, from the very day of the battle till towards the latter end of October, when the last of the brave Dublin militia left this town. To them principally, viz. Captain Latouche's and Captain Brabazon's company, I am indebted for many of the particulars; and they have been confirmed by the testimony of Mr. MICHAEL M<sup>c</sup> CORMICK, of this town; a gentleman, universally acknowledged as one of the most conspicuously brave and active on the tremendous and very important occasion. In just apology for some unavoidable imperfections in that part of my narrative which alludes to his conduct, I am sorry to be under the necessity of adding, that when I applied to my brave friend for the particulars, the utmost which I could obtain from him was, a simple confirmation of the truth of *most* of the particulars with which I had already been furnished, and a rectification of others, especially in the order

B

of

of detail; together with the favour of some testimonials which I expressed my desire of inserting, to confirm the authenticity of my narrative, to those readers who might not have heard of his worth. To render my narrative the more clear from the very hasty and abbreviated minutes I had collected, he most obligingly conducted me through the whole theatre of the battle, where each scene had been exhibited.

"You are, I see," said he, "furnished with a pretty exact account of the battle in general; from the authority of the soldiers. Your diligence surprises me; for I suppose no hundred soldiers that we could pick out from the whole of the garrison, could give you information more exact. Indeed it were nonsense to say, that any *one* man, especially a close fighting fellow, could give you more than a very imperfect sketch—even of the part in which he himself was an actor; to say nothing of how matters were carried on in other parts of the town at the very same time." Many of the soldiers from whom I obtained the sketches which form the greater part of my account, made this very observation, by way of objection to their relating any part of it. "For my part, continued Mr. McCormick, "I was perpetually from one post to another, and from street to street; (as *aid-de-camp* for the day) wherever I saw the men give way, or a necessity of collecting detached parties to closer or heavier battle: by which means I saw much more than fell to the lot of hundreds, whose employment was more contracted. But I wish not to enter much farther than you know already, into the particulars of a story, where you and your Dublin, Meath, and Donegal militia have made me so very much the hero." This was the substance of his conversation with me. I shall here add the testimonials alluded to.

"Ross,



" Ross, JUNE 7th, 1798.

" WE the undersigned Members of the Ross Infantry Yeomen, individually, collectively, as one, and all, do make it our particular request, that Mr. MICHAEL M. CORMICK will accept of a *First Lieutenancy* in the said Infantry Corps; as we consider his *spirited conduct* in the *Glorious Action of the 5th of June* justly merits the same."

Signed " John Wheatly " and seventy-six other names; viz. as many as could in the hurry of the moment be collected; all of whom required the address to be drawn up, without any particular solicitation to them by any of the corps for that purpose.

Mr. MICHAEL M. CORMICK, Ross.

" Sir,

" Having heard from many different officers who were at the battle of Ross, that you displayed great valour and intrepidity there, not only by fighting bravely yourself, but by rallying the King's troops, I take the liberty of requesting, that you will be so good as to give me a description of that *dreadful conflict*, from the beginning to the end of it. I am writing a history of the rebellion; and that battle makes a striking feature in it."

" I really think that your services should be rewarded by government."

" I enclose this to a friend at Ross, who will send or deliver it to you."

" I am Sir,

" Your most obedient Servant,

" RICHARD MUSGRAVE."

Dublin, November 8th, 1798.

" Direct to me, " Sir Richard Musgrave, Barr. Dublin."

" " Rewarded by government ! " Alas ! Poor M. Cormick ! I question if government has any knowledge of its being at all indebted to such a person,

I shall now conclude this prefatory epistle, with some apology for the manner in which the narrative is written and carried on. As I am stinted to a very short time to write it in tolerable *order* from my minutes arranged very *disorderly*, it is impossible that it should be written so terse as some of my productions in the Hibernian Magazines for 1797 and 1798. Nay great dissimilarity of style must appear between some passages and others; just as my memory or imagination happened to be affected in the speed of scribbling.

son, to say nothing of the greatness of the debt! Your name is hitherto only recorded by the perishing breath of your fellow-soldiers. It will be asked, "Why did not General Johnson make mention of him in his reports?" It must certainly be imputed to the unavoidable hurry and fatigue with which the general was harrassed at the time of writing: For I am persuaded that no man holds the services of my friend in higher or more grateful esteem. Of this Mr. M<sup>c</sup> Cormick himself assured me that he is, from the bottom of his soul, very sensible. But then, some will ask, "Why did not the general report him afterwards?" To this I am happy in being able to give a full and satisfactory answer. Mr. M<sup>c</sup> Cormick, who, till a few days after the battle, had, for many years been a *Methodist*, in connexion with the Society of that name, formed by the late Rev. Mr. Wesley,—now joined in social worship, though not in *membership*, with our venerable friends, the people called *Quakers*, whose principles are declaratively so averse to *war*, on any occasion whatever, that could Mr. M<sup>c</sup> Cormick be supposed to have joined in *membership* with them, he must also be supposed (consistently) to be a *penitent* for his late gallantry! No people could betray more evident symptoms of chagrin, than the general's troops on this occasion. And there were not wanting some to insinuate, that this latter part of my friend's conduct proceeded from indignation at his name not appearing in the general's report. I said as much to Mr. M<sup>c</sup> Cormick myself; at which he first smiled, and then regarding me with a dry sharp look, laughed heartily. "What *James!*" says he "Can you think that if another army of those rebellious rascals were to attack us, that I should stand neuter! No, my friend! I should face them as resolutely as ever. Aye! and conduct myself with equal activity in rallying and charging the troops, especially if our brave General Johnson were the commander."

scribbling away. As I express myself in the first person, and relate some matters to which I have been eye-witness, it will easily be perceived, that whatever my secret motives may be, a proud and ostentatious one is very visible. This I am so far from denying, that I shall now analyze the principle.

1. I address myself to a gentleman, whom I glory to call in this public manner, "my Brother!" for his gallantry in the *battle of Monastereven*, and for his general course of loyalty; which, if the account of rebels themselves, in *such a particular*, can be trusted to, was never contaminated with inhumanity. If any other apology on this head were necessary, I can with truth assert, that the narrative was originally designed for his use, and that of his circle of friends only. 2. I am heartily proud and ostentatious of the friendship of the great *General Johnson*, of which I have had honourable testimonies: one was his personal interference to preserve my life, and another, a letter of his in approbation of my conduct, of which letter I shall introduce a copy. And where, I ask, where is the *loyalist* so mean spirited as not to be both proud and ostentatious of such circumstances? circumstances of which whole counties might be justly proud. May I never act unworthy of such distinguished friendship! 3. My last motive and not a feeble one, in publishing my narrative by *your* means, is, the respect I feel for you, as a *loyal* man, of which I think the last edition of your *Narrative of the late Irish Rebellion* speaks clearly.

I am,

Sir,

Your sincere friend,

JAMES ALEXANDER.



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SOME SKETCHES  
OF THE  
*Rise and Progress*  
OF THE  
L A T E R E B E L L I O N  
*In this Kingdom, &c. &c.*

---

To WENTWORTH ALEXANDER, Esq. *Harrisstown*\*, near  
*Monasterevan*.

ROSS, JANUARY 28, 1800.

*My dear Brother,*

YOU have long and earnestly desired I would give you some account of our late battle, in which I shall gratify you, after giving you the trouble of reading a long narrative of another kind i. e. of the rise and progress of the rebellion, which you seem to require also, as if the whole of it were confined to this unfortunate country. Be assured, that many persons lately concerned here, especially in the battles, are from all quarters of the Kingdom, and various parts of each; and not a few from the very county and neighbourhood wherein you live. It is true, that the counties which have been made the chief theatres of open rebellion, have been most contaminated with the abominable principles which have given it birth; and there those principles have been displayed in their most palpably diabolical colours and effects. Of your gallant conduct at the battle of Monastereven I have

\* Our native Village.

been

been fully informed by some rebel prisoners who were transmitted thence, by various stages, to this town, for the purpose of transportation. I asked them how they could praise an enemy? To which a man of the name of *Dowling* answered, "Sir, we were only enemies while such as I am were rebels, especially in battle,—no sturdier! But his great heart could not see an enemy in a conquered man and a prisoner." Believe me, this rebel's character of you to a person whom he did not know, has endeared you to me more than your being born of our justly esteemed parents. Let no man dissuade you from shewing kindness even to the rebel prisoner, as far as may be consistent with justice to your country. Humanity is the proverbial characteristic of a brave man: but, transgressing the bounds of patriotism,—mercy to the guilty, is cruelty to the innocent.

Out of regard to the convenience of our friends who shall peruse these narratives, I must address you in very unusual form.—Now for it!

## SECTION I.

*Of the Rebellion in an adjoining part of the King's County and that of Kildare.*

THE late rebellion has been much longer setting on foot in this kingdom than very many people are aware of. I perceived strong symptoms of it when I was last in Harristown. On my arrival there (January 17th, 1793) I met with the most affectionate reception from the peasantry, and from some expressions of disaffection which I heard amongst them, I was curious enough to work my way into some of their convivial meetings, in order to feel their political pulses; which I was sometimes enabled to do, on the strength of their good-natured attachment to me, until they began to perceive

ceive my steadfast principle. I generally gave some loyal and well pointed toasts and sentiments which I had purposely fabricated for the occasion; but they were either over-ruled or passed over in silence. I remember once giving the *King's health*, when a man sitting opposite to me, said, "By my soul, Measter James, you are a shorp and kammittle jockey. He-he-he! I'll tell you what, Sir, there is not a man here but would drink your health with pleasure; aye, by my sowkins! or the health of any man that deserves it. May be the King deserves it too, but the divle a ha'p'orth of good we know of the man." "Christ bless us!"

When the parochial lists of persons qualified to serve in the militia appeared, there was no bounds to their expressions of indignation. Some of them declared, *they would rather die at their doors, than be enslaved after such a little manner*; others, that *they should certainly take up arms, if they were forced so to do; but that they would use them against their oppressors*.—Just about this time I observed an unusual number of remarkably strong and healthy-looking beggars about the country; and knew not to what to impute the circumstance, the times being uncommonly plentiful and likely so to continue. But I was not long in the dark; for, one day, in Harristown, going up street, I observed your neighbour, JOHN TIERNY, in very jocular discourse with a beggar, who seemed to bear his honour with a very ill grace. "Master James," says honest Tierny, "I believe those fellows are *bred* to set us together by the ears." "Why so Jack?" "Sir, the country round about is so pestered with the reports of those *packtrails*, about the designs of great people upon those men whose names are set down for the militia, that you can hardly believe how we are all terrified, and we are afraid to speak our fears: But I almost begin to imagine, that *some of those reports* are

are not true; for, this old *thief* has so over-done the matter with his lies, that, for my part, I cannot help fee- through his rogulst design. Now, sir, I only asked him would he carry a budget full of lies for me? and, what might be his demand for spreading them in *Wattenstown*, *Nurney*, and *Kil-doom*? As for *Killdare*, it is too full of them already! Then, addressing himself to the itinerant mischief-maker, "It is a pity, my good fellow, that you are not provided with strong lodgings, or better employment than disturbing people that are too much disturbed already by your sort." From this time I began to discover more clearly the truth and justice of *Tierney's* observations.

You may remember the friendly and very cordial intimacy which at this time subsisted between Mr. OSLEUM\* and me. The like intimacy had then long subsisted between my friend and Mr. CUMMINS†. Many were the political disputes between these two gentlemen, at which I was present. *Cummins's* sentiments were favourable to—what he would have us call a *parliamentary reform*, but what he too clearly expounded to bear that epithet, agreeably to the clear and well-informed judgment of my friend; who often secretly lamented to me his neighbour's dangerous principles, and almost prophesied his contingent fate; from what we both judged to be the dawning political state of the kingdom. *Cummins* would frequently introduce these observations: "The people of this kingdom are beginning to open their eyes to perceive their natural rights; and, if I mistake not, this long militia-business will ripen them for asserting those rights. It is fraught with something that will show us who is who!"

\*The late curate of *Killdare*, deceased: a gentleman of a very amiable character as a clergyman; and one of sound political principles. He lived in the town.

†An apothecary, then living next door, but since transported as a rebel.

From



From such circumstances as all these, I could not doubt of the mischief in embryo; and made no scruple to mention my suspicions to gentlemen of undoubted loyalty. But they rallied me with much humour on what they ironically called my *political discernment*. Still I would not give up either my apprehensions or curiosity. I associated with the peasantry more and more; and even went with them three or four times to mass. I also conversed much with the priests, both on religious and political topics; and, to do those gentlemen justice, I do believe they were at that time, one and all, loyally disposed, and only painfully apprehensive of our country suffering through internal enemies and otherwise, by reason of the war just then commenced between Great Britain and France. The recent cruelties inflicted on many of their fraternity, and the insults offered to their worship and ecclesiastical economy, in the country last mentioned, were fresh in their minds; and they justly considered that themselves would be amongst the first objects of French democratic fury, in case of an invasion; and that to this measure some rebel politicians of the day had not the smallest objection. How unaccountably sentiments will alter; or, at least, are supposed to do so! I think I could not well be mistaken in those gentlemen; for, such was their confidence in me, though I never *ever* made any verbal profession of my attachment to Popery, but often the direct contrary, that some of them spoke of me in my absence as a half-convert to their church; and Mr. DORAN, parish priest of Kildangan, put some Popish books into my hands to confirm me in the faith of Paddyman! He could have no idea that I was then actually laying the foundation of a work entitled "*The Works of HARRISON selected from her characteristical Marks in the Book of Revelations; with large and important Illustrations from Roman Catholic Commentators, particularly Signior Pastorini, whose arguments to prove that, by the words spoken of, is signified Rome in her Heathen*"

to State," are completely confuted, with much assistance from himself." This work, I intend, shall be printed next Summer; by Mr. JONES, No. 91, *Bride-street*, DUBLIN. But to return—you cannot forget the well-known fact, that so mistrustful of their priests were the common people of the county of Kildare, and some of the adjoining counties, that they actually shut up some of the chapels, amongst which were those of *Portarlington*, and *Carrick hard by*; also *Monasterewin* and *Kildangan*; and would suffer no priest to officiate therein, till he gave them his solemn oath, that he did not furnish any parochial list, or part of a list, to any officer or other person concerned in penning down the names of persons supposed liable or qualified to serve in the intended militia. I believe it was about the month of May or June this year, some act was passed in favour of the Roman Catholics. On this occasion you may remember, Mr. O' REILLY, of *Kildangan*, got a bonfire made by the neighbouring peasantry, and gave them some barrels of porter to drink his majesty's health. I have been since told, that the number which attended on this occasion, was remarkably small, and I remember to have heard some women in *Harristown*, curse those who did so, for their obdiggary spirit, as they termed it. Their propensity in favour of the insurgents in the County of *Wexford*, was too palpable; nay, too plainly expressed, especially when called forth by any effusion of loyalty to be at all misunderstood.

About a fortnight before midsummer-eve, I was requested by some female rustics of *Harristown*, to compose for their use an English song, to the tune of their old Irish bonfire song, "*Hugga mór fain a*," &c. &c. against the approaching festival, when it was to be sung at the *Harristown* bonfire in the usual manner. I complied with their request; but numbers objected to one line, viz.

"God prosper our King and his amiable Queen."

Sing, &c.

"Why

"Why Maister James" said they "if we sing *that*, we will be all *kilt* alive and *reunated* upon the spot; and so we will." I laboured to reconcile them to it, by calling their attention to the next line.

"*Health and peace to his subjects that dance on the green,*" &c.

It was in vain; nor could all the rhetoric of my fair townswomen prevail upon me to make the smallest alteration.

At length Midsummer-eve being arrived and the bonfire made, the song was partly sung; but as soon as ever the offensive line was uttered, a hideous yell of contempt burst from the mouths of I believe fifty persons, some of whom waved their hands towards me, saying "Maister James! Ah! Maister James! the doctor says *you won't do!* Never was I much more shocked than at this undeniable proof of a principle of rebellion having taken place in the hearts of those whom I dearly loved,—long, gratefully and most deservedly loved, above all the peasantry that ever existed. I trust their eyes are now clearly opened to their truest interests. May they read this narrative, and fully sympathize with the feelings of the writer, who still loves them, and who would suffer much (consistently with his duty to his God and his country) to serve them!

Every attempt, on my part, to find out any leading fomentor of this mischievous principle, was utterly abortive. However, I believe some *newspapers* went a good way into the business; for I never knew the people in your neighbourhood any thing like so attached to these vehicles of information and political sentiment.

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## SECTION II.

*Of the Rebellion in the adjoining counties of Wexford and Kilkenny.*

Soon after my arrival in this town I got into an employment which engaged my attention so closely, that I could obtain

obtain no knowledge of the politics of the country, but by accidental or very remote sketches of implied or express information. When the news concerning United Irishmen came to my ears, it was of a *Dublin Association*. This was before the time of Mr. TANDY and Mr. ROWAN's being first arrested. Until I perused the trial of the latter gentleman, understanding that their professed object was "a parliamentary reform" I secretly—and very foolishly, God knows!—admired the association, and looked upon the time as an happy epoch of our constitution, which (through the loyal exertions of those political Protestants (I mean Protestants in the political sense of the word only) I thought now was about to be established upon additional principles, beyond the effect, or even reach, of any rational murmur, and thus become still more endeared to the heart of every loyal subject. "Now," said I to myself, "surely this bursting spirit of rebellion will die away before the bright rays of *Parliamentary reform* and national prosperity." How mistaken! how preposterous were my sentiments! And yet, I believe, the early sentiments of very many well-meaning and truly loyal subjects were deluded by the same train of superficial reasoning. It is a pleasing reflection to me, that I never once (at least as far as I can recollect) betrayed any sentiment of the kind; but generally spoke my mind (which I had rarely occasion to do) with just diffidence. At length I began to hear of emblems of disaffection amongst those pretended reformers; from which time I gave up my favourable ideas of them *in toto*. In this state of mind I was quickly confirmed by observing men of a certain description in this town and neighbourhood, wearing *green* silk handkerchiefs about their necks, *green* waistcoats, *green* strings to their watches, and so forth. Of the signification and design of this dress, no one could pretend to be *wholly* ignorant.

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The excellent character of Lord EDWARD FITZGERAID, had not hitherto (at least to my knowledge) been tainted by rebellion, or in any degree sullied even by the breath of suspicion. I received a most polite letter from his Lordship, in which he informed me of his late acquaintance with Mr. Cummins, and of an extremely polite character which that gentleman had once given of me, as a very *curious* and intelligent man. This compliment astonished me, as the very last interview I had with Cummins terminated in a *struggle* in the course of which he dropt *direct contrary insinuations*! Lord EDWARD concluded his letter, by requesting, that, as he understood I intended, that summer (1795) to pay my friends in the towns and neighbourhood of *Kildare* and *Monasterevan* a visit, I would gratify his curiosity so far, as to carry with me a written account of the political state, including the prevailing sentiments, of the counties of *Wexford* and *Kilkenny*. This letter was so very flattering from a nobleman of whom I had no personal knowledge; that, had he not mentioned Cummins I verily believe I should have innocently gratified his lordship to the utmost of my weak ability, and in the end to my own sorrow. But I was so happy as to bethink myself properly, and send an answer of refusal, fraught with sentiments of loyalty, and of warm attachment to the family of His GRACE the DUKE OF LEINSTER. Of this letter I should be proud, were it discovered amongst his Lordship's papers. Never did I do any thing that afforded me greater pleasure on reflection! And yet, were I ever so disposed to give his Lordship all the information in my power, I question if I should be able to gratify him in any one particular with which he was not already acquainted. For, my personal information in the politics of the day was very little; and that from newspapers not only *meagre*, but very imperfect; and one enquiry involved me in another; and so on, till I almost forgot the first. That;

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when I took up a news-paper (which was not above three or four times in the year) much of the news was mere jargon to me, through my ignorance of various necessary preliminaries! for instance, the characters of such or such persons; and former affairs alluded to and therefore necessary to be known in order to throw light on the present. Let this be sufficient apology for many imperfections or omissions in this part of my narrative. I am informed by my sister, that about the year 1796, his Lordship resided in Kildare, danced amongst the rustics at bonfires, and in short uniformly conducted himself amongst them with such uncommon condescension, freedom, and affability, that like *Abalom* of old, he stole away the hearts of the people.

I shall now hasten towards the time when the rebellion in this country began to break forth more openly.

About the middle of the year 1797, or, perhaps, earlier, I used to hear confused talk about *Orange men*, who, it was reported amongst the lower orders of the people, had solemnly bound themselves by a most diabolical oath, to wreak long threatened vengeance upon Roman Catholics; "to wade ankle-deep in their blood," and so on. Sometimes I heard of beggars who boasted of having received liberal alms from the poor cottagers in the vicinity of Wexford, on their promising to say a certain number of Ave Maria's Credo's, Commandments, or some such acts of devotion for the preservation of themselves and cabins from *Orange men* and such like assassins and incendiaries. Latterly, the report was confined to house-burning only; and if we consider what shortly afterwards happened, this report was a most deadly contrivance to sink the mischief deep and make the dreadful remedy the stronger, and most infallible *provocative* to its furtherance. Many rebels have since told me, that several of them, whose houses were burned on account of the inhabitants being (contrary to general orders) from home

home at unseasonable hours, slept in ditches and old walls, to avoid that fate which the sight of their burned cabin seemed to convince them they had now escaped. Hence the burning of *Orange-men*. But remember! this is the rebel account, which if I could contradict, I would not insert. Most certainly the rebels got every notice by what means they might avoid their impending fate. When I reminded them of this, they laid the blame upon such or such parties of themselves, who having their own houses burned, were sworn to burn the houses of those who either opposed or would not assist them in taking revenge; and so they did. They said that their houses being burned, themselves were no longer safe, but in the company of fellow-sufferers. I assured them, they might hope for forgiveness—"Aye indeed" said one "and liberty to go and get our throats cut by our own people. Fine thatching for the burned cabin!" This is the story of the county of Wexford rebels. But rest assured, my dear brother, that every possible means was taken on the part of government to prevent those evils from falling on the villains in case of reformation of conduct, which it repeatedly declared itself determined to inflict in case they proved refractory. The beggar's story concerning the friends to that Constitution so well defended and established by the ever memorable *Prince of Orange* and King of England, William III.—a Constitution whose prominent feature is religious toleration and enmity to ecclesiastical tyranny, carried inconsistency on the very face of it; but to obviate this if possible, the name of *Orange-men* was industriously attributed to the *Peep-of-day Boys*, between whom and the *Defenders* so many conflicts happened in the North: and some loyalists (I fear) are not yet fully undeceived in this particular; so deeply was the scheme of deception laid! So closely was I engaged by my daily avocations, that till shortly after the battle of Ross, I had scarcely fifteen minutes to

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enquire into the particulars ; and then my curiosity had like to have carried me too far, and indeed in some respects did so ; as you will see in the end. For a long time one enquiry involved me in another ; and I applied both to loyalists and rebels, until I involved myself amongst the famous desperadoes of Kil-Aughrim wood, from whose murderous hands I escaped with much difficulty. And I am told I was the only loyalist that ever proved so fortunate there. Thus much for a general review of things, and the manner by which I obtained that information from which I am enabled to state matters as I do. All this I conceive to be absolutely necessary.—I shall now descend to the particulars in order.

About the middle of 1797, the sale of gun-powder began to be prohibited, and soon afterwards all arms were required to be registered ; and shortly afterwards too, all arms were *most properly* called in. Now the rebellion was beginning to take a more serious appearance, especially towards the close of the year ; and thenceforward it proceeded by very long, though at first stolen strides, to greater and still great enormities. Gentlemen's houses were robbed of arms by people who otherwise conducted themselves very peaceably on the occasion. But these robberies soon began to multiply, and by rapid degrees more and still more aggravating circumstances were attached to them. Houses which had been deprived of arms without resistance, were, under pretence of looking for more, robbed of money, plate and other valuables. At length the unoffending inhabitants themselves were often *personally* ill treated. This roused the magistracy to much greater vigilance and activity, in which they were sometimes well supported, until at length many of themselves and their valuable supporters were murdered, not unfrequently with circumstances of horror that even aggravated the black deed.

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At the close of this year and beginning of 1798, the rebels began to exercise in small bodies; and some of these poor harmless creatures began to travel towards this town, in large numbers, tied upon cars, and conducted most respectfully by a strong body of his Majesty's troops of cavalry. Once indeed, when the number of cars was very great, passing by Pool-Mountey wood, between this and Greague, two of the united gentlemen having got permission to step aside, one of them walked into the wood and thus escaped from a guard of fifty dragoons, though much time was spent in searching for him. At first the rebels thus taken were sent after an imprisonment of a night or two, to DUNCANNON FORT, for the purpose of serving in the fleet or abroad as loyalists. But their numbers began to encrease to such a degree, that it was found necessary to dispose of them otherwise than in the fleets. Car-loads of rebels, sometimes twelve or fifteen such loads together, often came into this town, and thence transmitted to a prison-ship near the *Fort*, until about *March* or *April*, when their numbers began to be too formidable, and the persons too wary to give much hope of carrying away such quantities of them with tolerable convenience.

ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY the houses of most people, especially of the more suspected, were suddenly searched for fire-arms and pikes; but with little success. The people all shewed their houses with the utmost civility and readiness. Scarcely a firelock and not a pike was to be found in the whole of this peaceable and loyally disposed county. It was in this month the *County of Kilkenny*, which is separated from this town only by the river *Barrow*, was proclaimed "to be in a state of rebellion, or likely to become so." Towards the latter end of this month and beginning of *April* robberies of various kinds began to encrease in the vicinity of this town. Rebellious meetings began also to multiply, insomuch that on the eleventh of this month an advertisement was posted up

in various parts of the town, offering liberal rewards to any person who would give even secret information to any magistrate of the counties of Wexford or Kilkenny, residing in or near ROSS, where and when any meeting for the purpose of administering of unlawful oaths, or any other purpose, whatsoever, was then to be held, provided such information should appear to be well founded. The magistrates also pledged themselves to observe the strictest secrecy as to the person giving such information; and that he should not be required to prove his allegations in a public manner. The conditions of this advertisement and a proclamation declaring this county also "in a state of disturbance, or likely so to be," gave umbrage to some—perhaps well-meaning people, who saw matters in a very imperfect and contracted point of view. Desperate remedies were absolutely necessary in such a desperate exigency. Mean time this town was (at least to all outward appearance) very peaceable, and very quiet, making some allowance for the natural effects of just and terrible apprehension, which soon nearly died away! Then a cloud of sullen tranquillity seemed to brood over the whole face of the town, without any very observable interval of that hilarity which I think is very congenial to the inhabitants, and which one might suppose the uncommonly early gaiety and liveliness of the season might sometimes call forth. Towards the close of this month notices for delivering up all fire-arms and offensive weapons, to which was added a solemn and very alarming denunciation; that in case of refusal within a certain limited time, the houses of all persons in whom any such weapons should be found, or in whose possession or custody they appeared in any wise to be, as also the houses of all persons either accused or suspected of rebellion, should be burnt to ashes; and that at all or any other houses the military should be placed at free quarters till these injunctions and others mentioned, of the like tendency, should be complied with. I should have mentioned long before this, that during the first state of alarm I was requested

ed by Captain Tottenham of the Ross yeomenry, to join his corps, either of cavalry or infantry. He urged my having been in the army and navy last war and seen much severe service; adding what a disgraceful circumstance it would be, for such a character to withhold his assistance on such an emergency. I declined his proposal from the consideration, that my close attendance was now more particularly necessary at the ROSS ACADEMY, where I was then upper assistant, and which at that time flourished exceedingly. He remarked, that *the education of children, was but a secondary consideration; the defence of property a primary one.* I replied, that *my sole property arose from the education of children; so there were the two considerations of which he so allowed the importance.* "And, Sir," said I, "who ever charged even an Irishman with a greater blunder than giving up, or more properly *throwing away* his property in order to defend it?" "Where is the magnanimous loyalist who will shew me the example?" \*

The rebels continuing refractory, the foregoing denunciations were put into execution in a very ample and serious manner; and the rebels often followed the fiery example. Many were the rebel houses set on fire in and about GREAGUE, OLD ROSS, SUTTON'S PARISH, and on towards BALLYHACK, near WATERFORD. An immensity of pikes were found, and many rebels taken. In this business STANDISH LOWCAY, Esq. now of ROSS, and magistrate for the county of WEXFORD, was very active. Some of the greatest rebels in this quarter were taken by his exertions.

\* The candid reader who in the perusal of this very hastily written narrative, seeks for any amusement abstractedly from determined criticism, will readily excuse, nay *more* than excuse, my sometimes making mention of myself, and expressing my sentiments in relating things of which I was mostly an eye-witness; especially when evident justice requires it, as in the present instance.

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I now heard of very many punishments of suspected persons both by flogging and strangulation, being put in execution in the barrack-yard, to extort confessions of guilt.

There were two of those victims brought from the barrack to the court-house to undergo a repetition of former punishments. One of them of the name of DRISCOL, was found in Camlin wood, near Ross, where he said he generally wandered as a hermit. Upon him was found two Roman Catholic prayer-books, with which it was supposed he administered oaths of disloyalty. He had been strangled three times and flogged four times during confinement, but to no purpose! His fellow-sufferer was one FITZPATRICK, of *Dungan's-town*, near *Sutton's parish*. This man had been a *Newfoundland* sailor, but long utterly disqualified to follow that occupation, by reason of an inveterate scurvy in his legs. He therefore commenced Abecedarian near *Sutton's parish*. It happened that a magistrate who was a yeoman, and others of his corps, passed by his noisy mansion, which was no other than a little thatched stable, that like a bee-hive proclaimed the industry of its inhabitants. The magistrate entered, followed by the other yeomen. "Here is a man" says the magistrate, speaking of the *master*, as I shall call him, though his authority was now for some months to have an end; and a severe *vacation* it was! "Here is a man, who I presume can have no objection to taking the oath of allegiance."—What do you say? Mr. Teacher!"—"Oo! *Dbarra le ours se*" i. e. By the book, "I will take it, sir; and thank you for bringing it to me." So saying, he took the book, which the magistrate held forth, and not only took the oath with a most cordial emphasis, but added another, expressive of his loyalty at all times. Upon this the magistrate regarded his companions with a look of dry humour, and observed, *that this must be a very loyal man indeed*. "Well then, my loyal friend! I suppose you will readily swear to all the pikes and to the  
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owners and possessors of them of whom you have any knowledge?" The man swore *that he had no certain knowledge of the kind; and, that he never saw a rebel's pike in his life, or a pike of any kind since the rebellion.* "Then" says the magistrate holding forth the book again "you shall swear that you will, to the utmost of your future knowledge or information this way, give or communicate in the best manner you can, all such information to some lawful magistrate or other officer in his Majesty's service." "No, sir," answered *Fitzpatrick*, "I will not swear that: I will bring no man's blood on my head, and if I *do* inform, who will support and protect me when I have lost all my scholars and my neighbours turn upon me." On this he was immediately apprehended and escorted to Ross. He was not strangled however; but flogged with great severity. And it was not with dry eyes, I saw the punishment inflicted on this humble pioneer of literature! About a month after the battle both these men were tried before General COWLEY, and matters appearing no farther against them than I have stated, they were liberated from a close and filthy confinement. The General presented both with a small sum of money, expressing a good natured concern that he could not then give them any greater pecuniary assistance. He also gave them written protections expressive of his opinion of their having been *peaceably* disposed. I saw them.

I never *once* heard an authentic account of any immediate good effect produced by those punishments: However it is most certain that the severities in general served to accelerate the rebellion and thereby very considerably to weaken its progress.

In the month of May some alarming expresses came to this town, giving accounts of large bodies of armed insurgents appearing in various parts of the adjacent country; and these reports increased daily, and (what is very unusual in

in such cases) were rather *below* the truth than beyond it. Now rebel fury and loyal vengeance began to rage. The zeal of the Roman Catholic priests to prevent rebellion began to be talked of *in their own community*; and many were the reports endeavoured to be circulated of *Father* such-a-one and *Father* such-a-one, the most pious and venerable characters that ever existed, being for their *loyal* exertions, dragged from their houses by the merciless rebels, and either murdered or tortured with circumstances of inhumanity which I believe were never realized this century, but upon the poor Protestants at Scollabogue, Wexford-Bridge, and Vinegar-Hill in the following months of June and July. Still expresses began to multiply, and still accounts of the rebel army became more formidable. The families of the loyalists, who were almost all Protestants, of the town and parishes of old Rofs, Kil-Anne, &c. began to throng into this town in large bodies; and they met a most cordial and humane reception from Captain TOTTENHAM of the Rofs Cavalry, who owns the greater part of the town. This gentleman had lately built six large, lofty, and elegant houses in a row, four of which he had well nigh completely finished for the reception of any respectable tenants; and all of these houses, both the finished, and unfinished, he most loyally and philanthropically, devoted, during the whole disturbance and for some time afterwards, to the accommodation of those well-tried and well-approved loyal subjects; though he could not be ignorant of his houses being likely to suffer damage by certain fixtures, and by great stakes of nails driven through the plastering, and the like.

In this season of alarm two pieces of ship-cannon, four pounders, were planted at the court-house, with a guard, and a gentleman of the Rofs Cavalry appointed centinel on horseback, to keep the coast clear of intruders.

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Very many of the inhabitants and, perhaps, all the late refugees joined in guarding the several passes to the town. Those guards being in coloured clothes, it was found necessary to distinguish them by putting a broad white sealed paper in the front of their hats, on which was written the party's name, and, as a motto, in print-hand "*death or victory!*" which some of our loyal Refugees being desirous to improve on, rejected from *their* papers and substituted "*Death or GLORY!*" This brought on the whole party of our loyal neighbours the nick-name of "*GLORY-MEN!*" a name which though given in contempt, both they and their families seem to *glory* in. Male and female, children and all, are, collectively called "*the Glories.*" I could not help smiling one day, to hear one of our *protested* rebels saying to another, "Oh! if you were to hear what a damnation little *birth* of a Glory-girl, about eight or nine years old said to me as I was carrying home these herrings, as this is a fast day, you know."—"There is your party in your fist," "but would you not rather have a *pike* than a herring?" Many of the poor inhabitants of this town and country have the almost incredible audacity to charge those truly loyal and valuable people with having been the occasion of this rebellion. "Rot them, the Swadling thieves!" they exclaim, "they are all Orange-men: they were the ruination of us all, and the promoters of all this mischief." Indeed so famous were the *MERMIONISTS*, or "*Swadlers*," as the Roman Catholics call them, for their loyalty and firm adherence to the truth of their profession when they were brought to the pike, that some of the rebels say of them, "They are true *Pro-d-e-flans*; for they *stand-a-pon* with the very devil himself!"

Expresses still coming in upon expresses, every day, with accounts still more and more alarming, our preparations were redoubled. Upwards of one hundred labourers with spades,

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shovels, and pick-axes were quickly pressed, and under the direction of some gentlemen of the town, cast up two trenches, one in the IRISHTOWN, about thirty yards from the FAIR-GATE; and the other about six yards from the THREE BULLET GATE on the outside quite across, and in such an angular direction as to command two passes; the road to Corbet Hill, and that to Aughaneer.

At length a strong party of soldiers came to town. Never were such visitants more welcome to the loyal inhabitants. They were entertained with variety of food, and without obligation, thus, for some weeks, at free quarters. Meantime the reports by express were so uniform and so circumstantial in the most alarming particulars, that many of the inhabitants fled, with the more helpless part of their families to Wales, whither many others, from various parts of these disaffected counties, had fled before them. Still fresh troops came in, and some of the inhabitants began to murmur at the increase, though informed that entertainment of food and drink was not required; and indeed some of the soldiers were rather sturdy in their manners, as though their entertainment was extorted by fear. In the billeting, some of the inhabitants complained of partiality. Mr. PETER BAGLEY, Linen and woollen draper and Haberdasher in John's-street, refused to lodge soldiers' wives. He soon became very conspicuous for his hospitality, for he had *one hundred and fifty men billeted on him*. For this account I have his own authority, and his permission to insert it with the addition of his name.

Ros was now a strong garrison, and as such exhibited a very unusual appearance. The streets were perpetually resounded with the martial drum, the ear-piercing fife, or the shrill ringing or warbling notes of the hoarse trumpet or bugle. But all did not seem to awaken some people from a gloomy, dark, horrible lethargy, which seemed more or less to pervade the countenances



countenances of almost all but the military themselves. Most others kept close to their houses to take care of them, and much of their discourse to me was, of the desolation and depopulation occasioned by the military burning and destroying places that bloomed with prosperity till their approach. Their order and unshaken firmness of conduct; their authoritative ease in their quarters; coming in and going out at any hour; or at any part of the house, even if the windows or door happened to be shut, and was not opened at the second or third knock;—these were also part of the general topics of the season. The number of sentinels was many: they were placed on various parts of the town-wall, at the gates, at head and other quarters; and, besides the main guard, which was very strong, picquets and cannon were placed in all passes. Scarcely any other clothes but military uniform were to be seen. Such was the heat of the weather, and the throng of military on every floor, that the window-lashes were generally open; and, whenever I turned my face that way, instead of catching the sprightly looks of a *Ross* lady or gentleman, there I had to behold—a throng of soldiers!—a welcome sight indeed, considered in one point of view; but, in another the dire necessity which brought them there heightened the contrast not very agreeably. They town, which appeared so dead with many others, as to tincture even the gay sprightly season with an appearance of heavy, heavy gloominess, was alive with them. From the windows of every story of the buildings they stretched out their necks, and shoulders, and hollowed out uncouth jokes to those in the adjoining houses; and thus, their clumsy wit, often highly tinctured with low obscenity, and interrupted with loud peals of unmeaning laughter, was bandied from one end of the street to the other. This appeared the more striking from the former well known abodes of sober morality and decorum. Revolving all these things in my mind the words of the

prophet JOEL often occurred, which I shall now mention, though I know they have a farther sense than that in which I now apply them. “*Blow ye the trumpet \* in ZION, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain! Let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the Lord cometh: for it is nigh at hand; a day of darkness and of gloominess; a day of clouds, and of thick darkness as the morning spread upon the mountains! A great people and a strong, &c. A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden. Before them and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea and nothing shall escape them † &c. Before their face the people shall be much pained; all faces shall gather blackness! They shall run, like mighty men; they shall climb on the wall like men of war; and they shall march every one on his way, and they shall not break their ranks, &c. They shall run to and fro in the city; they shall run upon the wall, they shall climb upon the houses; they shall enter in at the windows like a thief, &c. And the Lord shall utter his voice before his army; for his camp is very great. For HE is strong that executeth HIS word; For, the day of the LORD is great and very terrible, and who can abide it? !” §*

On the first of June, news having come to town that a party of rebels, to the number of about three hundred were throwing up some trenches across the high road leading to Grange, near Kil-Anne; a party of the 5th dragoons and of the Mid-Lothian and Ross cavalry, to the number of thirty-six, set out from this town to intercept, and if possible

• “Or Cornet” says the margin.

† Oh! how much farther would these denunciations have been realized, had our military visitors been the democrat French! “How much?” Ask the Neapolitans; ask any nation that ever fell under their heathen, their infernal yoke!

§ Joel, ii. 1, 2. &c. I believe the Scriptures have three distinct senses throughout, viz. Natural, Spiritual and Celestial. But how few know any thing of the correspondences.

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engage them. They came to close battle; and, after an engagement of a few minutes, seven of the rebels lay dead on the road, without any loss on the part of the King's troops, though the fatigue was very great, and the business rendered the more irksome from the extreme dryness and heat of the day. What little wind there was, blew in their faces; and this, together with the trampling of their horses, covered them with dust in a manner I never beheld before. They were so disguised by it, that I scarcely knew some gentlemen of our own cavalry that saluted me as they were returning into camp. Mr. JAMES MAGRATH, of the Ross cavalry, had his saddle pierced with a pike; but in the interval of the rebel drawing out the weapon to make a more sure and deadly thrust at his brave and active opponent, the poor innocent pike-man lost his head! One of the rebels they took alive, and would have carried him prisoner to the garrison; but the fellow grew sulky, and, lying down on the road, declared *he would go no farther*; upon which a Mid-Lothian shot him through the heart.

This day Major General Hawcutt having marched with a company of the Meath regiment from Duncannon Fort, his small force was surrounded by an army of many hundred rebels between Taghmon and Wexford. A smart engagement took place, and the military were defeated. However the general effected his retreat to Duncannon Fort, where he could have given thousands of the insurgents a warm reception.

On the unfortunate news of this defeat coming to Ross, observing my very esteemed friend and employer, the Rev. Mr. CARR, principal of the Ross ACADEMY, expressed great uneasiness on account of his second eldest daughter, who was then at *Newton* beyond *Waterford*, and hearing alarming accounts from that quarter, especially of murders and other atrocities being then actually perpetrated by

by the rebels at *Grimore*, an half-way village on the WATERFORD road, I first made a laconic will in my friend's favour, and then took horse and a case of pistols, and set off for the young lady. I had not gone far, when, looking behind me, I saw monstrous large blazing fires at *Old Ross*. I made no doubt but this was a general conflagration of the houses of loyalists; and I was not mistaken in my conjecture. I mentioned this to a very loquacious old man at *Waterford*, who was very ostentatious of his sentiments of loyalty: but in less than one hour, my information was tortured into a widely-circulated report, that the town of *New Ross* was, by that time wholly reduced to ashes. "And, Oh!" some would exclaim, "what is become of the 66 garrison of two thousand men, and all the fine artillery?" But *them* rebels pikes are so plaguy long! From this time I was determined to make no evil report, though never so true. Let it even be said of me, "He is a good man and bringeth good tidings &c." Indeed I did bring good tidings; but they were neither amplified, nor even dwelt upon. From this circumstance I *felt* disaffection in *Waterford*, and could not help exclaiming "*Urbs condamnata manet*!" But to return to my journey.

On my way I met with not a man on the road but two or three, one of whom had the appearance of a gentleman, who, though he addressed me with great civility, seemed, by his conversation, to be more enemy to "the United" as he called them.

When I began to draw nigh to *Glennasmole*, a little boy in a red jacket, probably the son of a soldier, who had accompanied me much of the way, and who ran before me, as I turned aside to some running back, and, addressing me by name, advised me to *hunker* along very slowly, for

to *be safe* again. This, leaving out the important adverb "*hand*," is the motto of the city arms.

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one quarter of an hour; for that about six soldiers were just then marched off prisoners from that place upon the effort of a great body of rebels; and that I was seized on by one of them, who had conversed with me a little before. That fellow was well mounted, and swifter than from me like lightning. I took the advice of my friend, I lay still, and saw not one of them; save that I fancied I saw some such body at a great distance, in a field to the left. At *Glennville* I observed an unusual concourse of women and children; and one old man, who looked hard at me, and then said something in a low voice of Irish, which I took them all laughing. I put my hand to my hat, and saluting them in Irish and in a genteel French manner, passed on. Being dressed in black, and they hearing my bog-house and language, they just then regarded me with a look of veneration; and that same old man graciously replied, *Go Dineigean-míle fíor-áil - ca! God speed you! first!* - and then I was

The next morning early I set off for Ross with my slip-charger, who I put into a post-chaise, and I rode slowly on a little way before him, when I met some horse-drawn soldiers of the *Andrian militia* who had been just preparing to go to the company with a large force, to Ross and Fortwell off those poor fellows I gave the horse I rode on, and put several others in the way of getting more. Now the starting came up, by my two soldiers, wives behind, and two hundred fellows as before then getting in, we drove on, amid the blessings of many other soldiers, and their wives, blessings which, thick and literally fell upon me, as you shall hear, in more and better.

We were well guarded to Ross, by a force of infantry and flying artillery, which covered nearly the whole of this road; this force was commanded by GENERAL JOHNSON.

Having

Having delivered up my precious charge to her overjoyed and *grateful* parents, I went into *John's-street*,\* where some of the new force were drawn up. Being dressed in black, hooded, and covered with dust, as a *active* magistrate, then in the *Rosa cavalry*, immediately noticed me, and took me for a rebel *priest*, who had just come hither in post-haste as a *spy*. He instantly pointed me out and declared his suspicions of my being a rebel, who was listening and watching for news for the rebel camp. Immediately the *straight* ranks, before me, were transformed zig-zag into W's. I every man with his hand to his bayonet. I soon convinced the magistrate of his mistake. He no sooner heard mention of my name and connections, than he bowed and withdrew. This was not sufficient satisfaction for me: I was stepping up to him when an officer (if I mistake not he was the *adjutant* of the *Artillery* regiment) got between, and catching me by the hand, said very politely and with a low voice, "my dear sir: as I firmly believe, from some of your late conduct, that you are a loyal subject and hope you believe this very hastily and zealous gentleman to be likewise minded, do, let me beg of you, for sake of your king and country, let private resentment (at least in an instant like this) give way to the more important principle." This very sensible, judicious, and polite address, had an instantaneous effect, which was confirmed by a sort of an apology from my late adversary. The soldiers continued to eye me with great malignity. Some, at intervals, muttering something like threats, the officer noticed the circumstance, had requested me, in the most polite terms, to withdraw; as he was now about to dismiss them, and was apprehensive that serious consequences might

\* I shall give a closely topographical description of *Rosa* before I enter on the account of the battle: By my observing such method as this, my narrative will be read twice! There's an apology for you.

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follow.

follow. I took his advice, but had not got so far as the quay, where I lived, when I was pursued and overtaken by those men, who, I believe, would have put me to death, but for the interference of *the soldiers whom I had the good fortune to serve at Waterford!!* Their report of my conduct much more than reconciled the rest to me, and begat me several other important friends in the garrison. My *loyal* opponent made a similar mistake shortly afterwards, upon *Mr. Bryan Fitzhenry*. The soldiers not being then engaged, a crowd of them, chiefly dragoons, flew upon him with their drawn swords and bayonets, and no doubt would have put him to death on the spot; but for the gallant, humane, and almost desperate interference of *Mr. O' BRIEN of the Ross Cavalry*. *Mr. Fitzhenry* was, however, put in confinement. But on the ninth of this month, was tried and honourably acquitted, nothing being found, or even charged against him, but instances of loyalty proved! On his acquittal he received the following note from the recorder :

“ Major Cliffe's compliments to *Mr. Fitzhenry*, congratulates him on his being *honourably* acquitted this day, and encloses him a pass. ”

ROSS, JUNE 9th, 1798.

“ P. S. It was not in my power to have sent you this pass *yesterday*, when I had drawn it. ”

P A S S.

“ The bearer *Bryan Fitzhenry*, Esq. has liberty to pass “ and repass where he pleases, being this day acquitted at “ the Court-martial.

“ A CLIFFE, Recorder.

“ *Ross, June 9th, 1798.* ”

The liberation of this gentleman, contributed some months afterwards, to the salvation of my life amongst the rebels at *Kill-Aughrim* wood, who gave him the long knick-name of

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“ Mr.

"Mr. Let me alone and I will let you alone" or, "Mr. Child's bargain." It seems they had paid him some predatory visits, and whatever mischief they did his property, he thought it the best of his play, in an open rebellious quarter, not to complain! But to return to the third of June.

The accounts by express of the rebel force at *Vinegar-hill* and *Enniscorthy*, now become so alarming, that GENERAL JOHNSON thought necessary to send an immediate express to *Sir Charles Asgill*, at *Kilkenny*, requiring an additional force to the *Ross garrison*. Mr. M<sup>c</sup> CORMICK was chosen on this occasion. The distance was forty miles and the journey dangerous; yet he rode it and returned in six hours; by which he killed an excellent horse, tired another down, and contracted a rupture, of which he is to this day, at intervals very ill! He met no opposition from any man; but his journey was unsuccessful. No army could be spared!

The force in *Ross* was now computed to be somewhat more than two thousand. Of these however strong parties were sent to various other quarters. In consequence of an express (perhaps a rebel one in disguise) four hundred were sent at once to protect *Burrowes*, the seat of *Walter Kavanagh*, Esq. about fourteen miles off, and on the DUBLIN road. Four or five of these quickly returned to the garrison, and gave such an alarming account of an imaginary battle with the rebels, as damped the spirits of the garrison very much. They said that *an army of two thousand or more, attacked them from a very advantageous post, and opening their cannon upon them, produced horrid carnage*. But this bloody narrative proved to originate merely in the circumstance of a dragoon's pistol going off by accident! It does not appear that they met with the smallest opposition, or a single rebel that proved to be such. Whither the remainder of this force bent their march, I know not. It were a pity to involve the whole in disgrace of the lying cowardly fugitives.

## SECTION



## SECTION III.

*A closely topographical description of Ross. Its geographical situation—Its streets and passages.—Situation of the rebel camp, and much of the adjacent country.—Remarks introductory to the account and description of the battle.*

ROSS is a neat town in the county of Wexford in Leinster. In the language of a general survey, or it is 8 miles N. B. E. of Waterford; but to the traveller of the road, which winds its way between several high hills and lesser eminences, the journey is 11½ miles. It lies S. b. W. of Dublin. The road thereto by Burrowes is 65 miles, and by Enniscorthy, 73. It is situated at the bottom and so up the side of a steep hill on the eastern bank of the river Barrow, where is a large commodious quay the full length of the town, which, taking in some lofty stores lately erected on the *Ballast-quay*, an appendage to the principal one, is one quarter of a mile long and leads N. E. and S. W. Over the river, to the North East, is a wooden *Bridge*, lately erected, on a very elegant and very strong construction. It has an excellent draw-bridge about the centre, on a principle the most simple and convenient that can well be conceived. This bridge leads, (by large stores and other capacious concerns, now building by GEORGE and THOMAS KOUGH Esqs.) to a road over a very long eminence, the N. E. extremity of which is called *Rosbercan*, and the S. W. *Chilcomb*, in the County of Kilkenny and Barony of Ida. One road across this eminence, leads to Waterford, as described.

Mary's-street, commonly called the the *Main-street* of Ross, leads in an E. S. E. direction from the quay quite through the centre of the town, breadth-ways, and with a considerable curve up a steep hill of various acclivity; on the top of which, just on the left hand, stands the *Church-yard*. Thence the declivity into the town, by any other passage, is so great, that

a cannon planted on a certain spot, a little more to the left and close by, commanded a large extent, without much disadvantage from some intercepting houses. About seventy-three yards from the quay, the *Main-street* is beset at right angles by another street, therefore running length-ways, that is parallel to the quay. This street is considered as four, viz. 1. *Abbey-street*, leading from the *Ross Academy*, North East, still called "the ABBEY," where formerly stood *St. John's Abbey*; and *St. John's-gate* hard by, now thrown down. 2. *John's-street*, leading from *Abbey-street* to the *Court-house* on the right, and farther side of the *Main-street*. 3. Thence the *Priory-street*, with a sudden curve in the centre, corresponding to a similar one at the junction of the ballast and general quay, leads on to the *Priory-gate*, S. S. W. the inclination being to the right hand. From between *Abbey-street*, and *John's-street*, and on a line with the *Main street*, up a very steep hill, and close by a very large and commodious *Inn* on the right hand, and some out-offices and then a *Friar's chapel* and convent on the left, leads *Convent-lane*. The back part of the "New Inn," i. e. just between the *Convent* and *Main-street*, is occupied by a very large *tump*, from which one may take a view of three parts of the surrounding country. Thence *Convent-lane* continues on the left, to a wall on a line with the fair-gate which tops it like a T. by another lane, which on the left hand leads to very advantageous posts in the fields; and on the right, leads across by the gate mentioned, and consequently by the *town wall*, and so to the *Church-yard*. Passing through the *Fair-Gate* and (for the present) turning our backs to *Ross*, we enter a very broad street dignified with a sort of obelisk. Just as we enter, there are some good houses to the right, and a lane leading round the *Church-yard* to the top of the *Main street*. But leaving this, we go straight forward. All the rest of this broad street or *Irish-town*, consists of low cabins.

A little

A little way on the left hand, is a road leading by Mr. NAP-  
 PER's beautiful retreat at *Bawn-Moore*, to *Montgarret-ferry*,  
 and so on to the *Rower*, (sometimes spelt *Roar*) and so to  
*Rose-mount*, the seat of JAMES ROSSETER, Esq. and *Ringwood*,  
 the seat of the Rt. Hon. the LORD CALLAN, all in the County  
 of *Kilkenny*. But we are still to consider ourselves in the  
*Irish-town*. About a furlong from the *Fair-gate*, on the  
 right, is a narrow road, called "*Boreen a faun*," leading to-  
 wards *Corbet-hill* road, at the junction of both which the  
 battle began with proper vigour and regularity. But we  
 are still walking in the *Irish-town*. The street now begins  
 to grow narrower and the cabins more wretched; though  
 some snug slated houses, of various humble descriptions, ap-  
 pear farther down. This is called the *Maudlins*. At the  
 end of this we pass over a small neat stone bridge. There is  
 the *Charter-school* a little before us to the left. Leaving the  
*Charter-school* to the left, which is one quarter of a mile from  
*Ross*, we see straight before us the road to *Larkin* or *Lacking*  
*Hill*, where latterly stood the *rebel-camp*. And straight  
 from the *Charter-school*, on the right hand, another road  
 leads to *Corbet-hill*, where the rebel army encamped before  
 the battle, also, to *Slieve Keilder*, much farther off, where  
 they encamped afterwards. All the country now before us  
 is one continued croud of eminences. Let us come back to  
 the *Fair-gate* and re-enter *Ross*. From this gate and down  
 a very steep hill to the left of the *Inn* is a street of good  
 breadth. The houses are middling. This part of the street,  
 next to the *Fair-gate* is called the *Pig-market*, and from the  
 centre downwards, which passes between the *Convent* on the  
 right, and the *Parish Chapel* on the left, is called the *Chapel-*  
*Hill*. It leads to the upper end of *Bridge-street*, which runs  
 on a line with this, and likewise parallel to the *Main-street*,  
 and so on to the quay-bridge mentioned. Next to the  
*Church-yard Lane*, which is close by the *Fair-gate*, a few yards  
 downward,

downward, is the *Church-lane*, and about as many yards lower, just above the parish chapel is the *Chapel-lane*, all leading into the *Main-street*, the other lanes of which we shall now speak. From the *Main-street*, and facing the *Church-yard* also, on a line with the *Priory-street*, leads *Neuill's-street*, (almost all cabins) commonly called *Brogue-maker's lane*, to the *Three-bullet Gate* facing the road to *Corbet-hill*. This is a lofty eminence amid some others, about one mile E. S. E. of Ros. On the top is the large house and elegant improvements of CAPTAIN CORBET. About half way, is the junction between *Corbet-hill* road on the right, and *Boreen a Shann* on the left, leading to the *Irish-town* and *Maudlins*, as already mentioned. Close by the shambles in the *Main-street*, about thirty yards from the *Court-house*, and on the left hand is *Barrack-lane*, somewhat parallel to *Brogue-maker's-lane*. It leads up a gradual and rugged eminence through thatched cabins to the barrack about two hundred and fifty yards. From the *Wind-mill-lane*, at the town walls and across *Brogue-maker's lane*, and close by the barracks and parallel to the main-street, is *barrack-street*. Thence downward to the *priory-street* and close by the *Recorder's* spacious house in that street, is, *Michael-street*. From the *Brogue-maker's-lane* also, half way between *Michael-street* and the *Priory-gate* is the *Cross-lane*. From the middle part of *Job's-street* leads *Cooper's-lane*, arched at both ends. The next passage to the quay, is the lower end of the *Main-street* by the *Court-house*, and lower down to the left is a crooked passage, called *Kough's-corner*. Let us go back to the *Priory-street*. Hence to the quay first (under an arched way) leads *S-n-lane*, very justly so called! The next is *Jarlen's-lane*, not easily passable for the rubbish of little ruins. The next is *Alexander's-lane*. The next is the *Custom-house-lane*, or rather *Cliffe's-lane*, which leads to the centre of the quay, or thereabouts. The next is the *Sugar-house-lane*, or rather *Custom-house-lane*, leading

leading close by *Captain Tottenham's*. The last is *Orchard-lane*, leading by an *Orchard* on the left hand and the quaker's meeting-house on the right, to the great stores on the *Ballast-quay*.

When speaking of the Main-street-lane I forgot to mention *Bake-house-lane*, which is a sort of *Court* or large *Entry*, to the right as we go up, i. e. about twelve yards above *Bar-rack-lane*, adjoining the Shambles. I am the more particular in this description (I fear, even to tediousness) for the convenience of these *Officers* and *Soldiers* who fought, and who, with the assistance of this narrative, may be the better enabled to give a *farther* account, with the greater clearness and satisfaction. For I am sensible that there are many amusing incidents relative to the battle, of which I am ignorant; as well as others that I have not related fully; besides many more that I have not leisure to include. On the situation of *Ross* one general observation more, which I shall now make is worth notice. The town is so over-hung with eminences, some gradual and others very steep, from *Corbet-hill* round about, that perhaps few towns in *Ireland* are more easy of attack. These and other disadvantages considered, what success can any force of ill-armed and as badly disciplined rebels hope for, against an exceedingly inferior number of well-armed and well appointed regular troops; the closeness, regularity and quickness of whose movements, their unreserved, instantaneous, and almost mechanical obedience to orders; with the sense of personal honour, and the familiarity with danger, which belong to a disciplined veteran, and embodied soldiery, give such firmness and intrepidity to their approach; such weight and execution to their attack, as are not to be withstood by loose ranks, even of well-armed and well-appointed but newly-disciplined troops,

troops, who, by their inexperience, are liable to disorder and confusion; and in whom fear is constantly augmented by novelty and surprize. \*

In an opposition of *pikes* against *fire-arms* great strength does not avail so very much as a bruiser or cudgel-player may imagine: The trigger of a loaded piece *once drawn*, though by a child, the ball flies with as much rapidity as if thus dislodged by a Goliath, or a Sampson; and whether it strikes a Goliath or a Sampson, on any vital part, he *must* fall.

## SECTION IV.

### OF THE BATTLE OF ROSS.

*Apology—Introductory circumstances, just as they occurred to the author's personal knowledge the day before—Further circumstances as received by information—The Battle treated of in the like order—Further circumstances consequent thereon—Proposal for continuing this narrative at a future opportunity.*

HE must be an ill-natured reader indeed, who, in return for the pains I am at to entertain him, will not allow me the satisfaction of amusing myself in the narration, by giving it in an order most agreeable to myself; especially when not at all inconvenient to him. Now I think it is placing matters in the most convenient point of view, even to the reader, to distinguish *what I saw* from *what I heard*. Ought I, in order to avoid the imputation of *Egotism*, to write as one who neither saw nor heard a single circumstance of what I relate? Am I to proceed, like a writer of long established history, to methodise materials from other works? But it will be said, perhaps, "This writer spins out his story by relating his own adventures, and his own feelings or impressions." To relate perfectly what I saw, I must account for my seeing it; and I ask, how can this be done? The answer is self-evi-

\* See Paley's Philosophy. Vol. 2, Chapter xii. where this subject is well handled.

dent. And pray, Mr. Critic ! whose feelings or impressions am I to be guided by ? Perhaps yours ; but do me the justice to reflect, that I did not know them ; nor, if I did, could I insure their acceptability to the world, any more than that of my own.

But my dear Brother WENTWORTH ! I almost forget (as will probably the critic,) that I am writing to *you*, and that what I write will be read with eager partiality by those who I am most desirous to please ; the Monasterevan loyalists, and those in the vicinity of Harristown, Nurney, &c.

On Monday the fourth of *June* (the day before the battle) an ominous cloud seemed to hang over Ross. The effects of the recent story was not yet obliterated from the minds of the loyalists. Nothing occurred to dissipate the gloom.

This evening about half an hour after four o'clock, I having occasion to go to the country seat of Mr. CULLIMORE, at the foot of *Corbet-hill*, passed the picquet guard about one quarter of a mile, when I saw a small party of peasants a little way before me. I went up to them, led by mere curiosity, and found them to be rebels armed with pikes, which affected me sensibly, expecting to be pressed by them, or murdered in case of refractoriness. They all appeared dead drunk ; and two of them stepping forward, interrogated me together, one in English and the other in Irish ; but both in such unintelligible jargon as would on any other occasion provoke laughter. I behaved with an address which, at this distance of time astonishes me, being naturally pusillanimous. I demanded roughly, *how they durst leave the remainder of their party ?* and to that effect. They all became respectfully silent and suffered me to walk on towards their camp, taking me, as I suppose, for a priest ; for I heard them mutter the name of "Father Keefe," or "Keating." Observing them hurry on precipitately by the more common road, I followed them with my eye for a few minutes, when I perceived at a

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distance

distance, an immense crowd. Then looking towards Ross I perceived a soldier not far off, but without belts or side-arms. I ran to him, and he met me with eager respect. I told him what I had seen, and requested him to alarm the picquet-guard; on which he flung a stone at me and ran off, a green bough which I had not observed before, flourishing in his hat. I had a loaded pistol in my pocket, which I immediately cocked, but was loth to use my only charge without urgent necessity. I soon afterwards met with an old soldier, evidently so, though dressed in coloured clothes. To him I made the same request, adding, as my reason for not doing the business myself, my inability to run far, on account of a wound received in my breast, last war. He looked me earnestly in the face and desired to know my name and place of abode, "for" says the shrewd experienced fellow, "we must take care upon what authority we alarm a garrison." I satisfied him in those particulars! and he then informed me that he was upon that very errand; a very common reply on the like occasion, amongst the soldiery, to insure the merit of first tidings. But it appears the old man had his doubts of my veracity; nor was he on any such business; for I could hear nothing more of him, than that he passed the picquet by virtue of a written permission from Sir James Fowles, Colonel of the *Mid-Lesbian* cavalry. Shortly after this a man mounted on an excellent hunter, but with a wretched bridle and saddle, rode quietly up to me, and standing still began to make observations on the weather and to ask what it was o'clock? I requested him also to give the alarm; but observing him turn his whip in his hand, I produced my cocked pistol and insisted on his instant compliance.—Without further ceremony he galloped on towards the picquet, and I followed him closely with my eye, till I saw him so far advanced, that I was sure he would not be suffered to return without examination. I then went cheerfully on my journey



ney to Mr. Cullimore's. But I left it early, and led by insatiable curiosity went through some fields towards Corbet-hill.

I came near enough to be convinced that *the great body of people* were the rebel army. I viewed them through a hedge. From what I saw I judged them to be about three thousand; but it appears, that I did not see the one-tenth of them: for I have been since informed, upon good authority, that the whole number was thirty-five thousand; and that they had, besides pikes, two thousand stand of fire-arms. It was only now they all arrived, and having by hundreds as I am since informed, first drank large quantities of whiskey, and taken very little other refreshment, pretty quietly they rose at once, and one of their cannon being fired, they filled the air with repeated huzzas. I could easily perceive they were very drunk; and indeed they proclaimed as much to the garrison; for they continued at certain intervals of their inebriation, wantonly to fire their cannon; and so fell to drinking again, till from huzzas they changed their notes to hideous yells, which, to my ear, were awfully expressive of their infernal designs. Two musquet shots were fired across the hedge through which I looked. Whether they were designed for me, I can not say, for the first did not pass within two yards and a half of my head, and the other not very much nearer. Like Falstaff, I instantly fell; but soon began to creep on all fours in the grass, till I got a thorn in one of my hands, with which I was so agonized, that I instantly rose on my feet and ran off as hard as I could. Getting out on the Rag road, I grew exceedingly tired, and with great labour walked very slowly against a very gradual eminence. Becoming quite faint I sat in a ditch for about ten minutes, when I was alarmed by what I rightly conjectured to be the rattling of cannon wheels. I instantly rose, and soon perceived GENERAL JOHNSON on horseback, accompanied by three other gentlemen,

tlemen; at the head of about fifty soldiers and a piece of cannon. One of those gentlemen drew forth a pistol and rode up to me. The general immediately rode between, and asked me first for my pass, which I shewed him from under his own hand. He then demanded several questions as to what I had seen and heard. I answered him as briefly, and at the same time as satisfactorily as I could, carefully including the circumstance of the man on horseback. It seems this fellow did ride up to the picquets and was taken prisoner; but gave no alarm till long afterwards, when the rebels began to fire their cannon, three soldiers told he was shot on the spot; but another since assured me that he was executed with other rebels at *Ross* about a fortnight after the battle. To convince me of the truth, he described his person very exactly. "The number, you say, sir," repeated the general, "is three thousand?" "Yes, sir; I will stake my life on it." "I had rather than three thousand pence" says the general laughing, "that they were in the next field to me: but they are not far off, we will pay them a visit." And so he did, to their sorrow. "But Mr. Alexander," says he, "I fear you will be shot by the picquets, I shall therefore guard you to *Ross* myself, as soon as I deliver some orders to those gentlemen; mean time do you pass on." He was as good as his word; but ere he advanced, I came within stone's throw of the picquet. Several of the guards immediately cocked their pieces, "click, click, click, click!"—But in that important interval, the general advancing in a sweeping gallop, called out, "Let that gentleman pass!"—"By the powers!" exclaimed one of the soldiers, in a low voice, "that is the best music you ever heard, or we should have entertained you with music of another kind." "Indeed I believe, that had the general delayed four seconds, I should have been perforated with balls before he arrived. He came quickly up with me, and desired me to hasten forward,"

ward, as no time was to be lost. I did so, as well as I was able, and he never left my side till he passed me through the *Three-bullet gate*. There the guards told me I should most certainly be detained prisoner, or put to death, had I not been accompanied by the General; whose humanity they therefore praised; and observed, that it was a sure sign of his being a brave man. Entering the gate I was met by Mr. Cullimore, who with much anxiety, began to enquire about the state of his house and family. I answered him fully. The general asked him why he did not take up arms and defend his house? To which he calmly replied, that it was contrary to his religious principles. "Principles!" exclaimed the general,—In short the answer so displeased him, that he would not suffer him to pass out. But the poor man anxious to get to his family, went round to another passage, expecting to get out by virtue of a pass signed by the general, which pass he had in his pocket. In this attempt he had like to have been shot. But as Divine goodness would have it, the soldier slipped his foot in the very attempt to draw the trigger, and the rest interfered. However, they took him prisoner and confined him in the *Court-house*, where he continued till the day after the battle; when the general, hearing of the circumstance, ordered that he should be immediately liberated. There was a visible Providence in all this affair. For while in confinement, he was almost by miracle, ordained the happy means of preserving the lives of others. There were many prisoners when he was first committed, and these increased during the battle; for some of the soldiers were so humane, that on meeting with any person unarmed, and who said he was an inhabitant, they committed him to the guard-room; but (by the bye) this mercy did not last long. The guard-room was soon crowded, and the inside charge of the

\* He was one of the people called *Quakers*.

prisoners

prisoners given to Mr. Cullimore who made them lie down on their faces; lest looking out of the windows and seeing any success of their rebel friends, they might be tempted to rise on the guards. And when in the most dangerous crisis of the battle some of the guards entered the ward with an express intent of shooting the prisoners, Mr. Cullimore with astonishing firmness and apparent confidence said to them, "You shall ~~not~~ shoot the prisoners, there are some *"men here as loyal as you!"* This is the account of the soldiers themselves. And they declared to me, that they felt themselves strangely and irresistibly overcome by his words. Therefore they withdrew in silence, leaving his charge undisturbed, otherwile than by horrid reflection. Had the guards then acted according to their intention, Mr. Cullimore's family would have lost a *valuable father, his tender-hearted and amiable spouse, a most affectionate husband; the poet, an active and liberal benefactor; and all his connections, a warm friend.* Even the soldiers themselves would have suffered by the rash deed: for, Mr. Cullimore, being a wealthy merchant, and the only gentleman of that description remaining in town, was of great service in supplying provisions on the spot, according to the Commissary's order. And had my friend Mr. Faubert been killed, I must have suffered death some weeks afterwards, as you will see. But to return.

I had not advanced into town one hundred yards from the *Three-bullet-gate*, when hearing the regular "tramp, tramp, tramp," of a party of soldiers behind me, I began to hasten forward, though, I was so fatigued my progress was but very slow. I was quickly overtaken and a soldier clapt me roughly on the shoulder, and asked me my name? The serjeant of the party now came up and repeated the question, but very civilly. Hearing my answer he reprimanded the soldier for his rudeness, and then informed me,

me, that as the inhabitants were expressly ordered to keep within doors, and I might be seized and confined for disobedience, before I could arrive at my own dwelling, which he understood was on the quay, quite another end of the town, the general ordered them to conduct me in safety. "My lads," said I "I am heartily obliged to the general; but I shall look like a prisoner." "Sir," said the serjeant, "you shall not look like a prisoner: Take this rude fellow's firelock and march with advanced arms at the head of us." I did so, not thinking that being in coloured clothes, I looked like a rebel officer; and the brave loyal fellows that followed me, like traitors, through their kind condescension. My civil friend was serjeant *Cunningham* of the *Queen's-country* regiment, and the men were of various other regiments; I think they were of the *Dublin*, *Bristol*, and *Mercia* militia. The serjeant not having received further orders, requested a certificate of this business from me, which I gave him; and by my advice, he joined his men to the *Muir-guard*. There is a necessity for this part of my narrative, as will soon appear.

This night *General Rufler* caused all our *Glory-men* to be disarmed, on account of *their not wearing military uniforms*, which in open battle would expose them to the fire of the king's troops. I am sorry, and so are many others that the general did not think of stationing those brave and loyal men in their own dwellings—at the windows, with their fire-arms and plenty of ammunition; for in that case, as the event seems to indicate, they would have made many hundreds of the "croppies lie down." But indeed the general could not be supposed to know the spirit of any man who did not take on uniform and carry arms long before.

I went to bed as usual; and perhaps was the only inhabitant that did so, as we all knew what must be the dismal consequences of the king's troops being defeated; viz. a massacre

massacre of refractory loyalists, and a pressing of others, as well as of the disaffected, into the rebel service. Many of the defenceless, especially the ladies, were prepared for flight as soon as the day should break. Most of those who set off at that season escaped alive; but the case was far otherwise with many of the poor cabin tenantry. But I believe *some* of those suffered justly. A lady informed me that as she, in company with many others, were passing through *Glenmore*, they saw myriads of armed rebels, none of whom offered the smallest rudeness to a female, but regarded them, as they passed, with looks of real pity. When all the virtues in the soul of an Irishman are dying away, behold the last that exists.—*Tenderness to a woman!* The man that is destitute of this virtue, may my life never be in his power. Very many of the remaining inhabitants were saved through the interference and protection of our yeomen, particularly of Mr. *Edward Devereux* of the cavalry, who escorted several families over the bridge. The battle commenced about five o'clock. I did not awake until half past six, when I was roused by the reports of detached volleys, and some very heavy running fires of musquetry, drowned at some periods by the roaring of cannon; and every little period of cessation filled with huzzas. Expecting a dismal scene of terror and confusion below stairs, I did not rise till nearly about eight. In about half an hour or less, afterwards, I went down stairs and opened the door, expecting to see some soldier who would procure me a red coat, arms and ammunition. The *Ross* and *Mid-Lothian* cavalries were drawn up just before me. Captain *Tottenham* of the *Ross* cavalry asked me "what news?" I told him I was just out of bed, but that I perceived, *my last night's news was in loud circulation*. He smiled and requested I would go and take a peep into the *Main-street*, and see what news? I believe the captain was only jesting: for he could hardly think I should prove such a madman.

madman. However upon some of his men observing that they understood I was an old soldier, and had been in several engagements last war—fired with the charming compliment, off I ran to the *Main-street* directly; though followed by peals of laughter!

Completely to remove the smallest appearance of boasting, I must here ingenuously declare, that I had no idea of any part of the battle being within the town walls, (as the ruins are still called) otherwise I should not have acted so madly. And I never once bethought myself, *on this occasion*, of the necessity of military uniform and accoutrements, to preserve me even from the king's troops, who were much less likely to spare a man in my garb than the rebels themselves.

As I approached near the *Main-guard*, which was stationed at the *Court-house* in this street, some of the remoter soldiers called to the rest, "Shoot that fellow! Stick him!" I laughingly exclaimed, "ye bloody-backs!" Upon this two men levelled at, and no doubt would have shot me, but for the interference of some of my last evening's guard, who mentioned the general's friendship for me, as though it were particular. I passed by and was going further up the street, when my good friends called me back; but the rest bid me "go on and fear nothing," expecting as I was afterwards told, *that I should be shot!* Still I advanced up the street, but not half way when I heard a close bustle of I knew not what, as the street was so incurvated that I could not see. All this time a remote firing went on, but not without some intermission, which space was filled with huzzas. I advanced now but slowly, straining myself to see as far up the street as possible, without the hazards of advancing too far. Presently I heard a hasty muttering of about twenty voices and a rattling which I naturally and justly conjectured to be cannon wheels. Five or six muskets now went off. They were succeeded by two, then by about four; then about a dozen; and at last by a heavy shower for about one minute. This was at the

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church-lane.

church-lane. At last a piece of ordnance went off, which was followed by a fearful shout of one party and a triumphant huzza of another. I was still on the gape, and making long strides. A very loose firing of musquetry now began again, and a party of rebels appeared stalking down the street, in attitudes not unlike my own. I turned about in order to alarm the guard; but lo!—a strong body of the king's troops with *Grumbling Bess*,—a roaring nine-pounder, stooped up the lower part of the street, not quite so high as the shambles, and the rebels made a stand just above the belly of the curve; so that one party could hardly see the other. In this extremity what could I do? I got close up against a shop door exactly facing *Bake-house-lane*. This was the house of Mr. DOWSLEY, an eminent loyalist of whom I shall have occasion to speak by and by. On each side of me were bow windows, by which I was completely concealed from both parties. Now a dreadful pause took place, neither rebels nor soldiers fully appearing to each other. I popt out my head, and asked the rebels *if I might pass through them?* But an old, strong, well-made man, in a very wretched trim lift up his clumsy withered claw and shook it at me exclaiming, "Fon! Fon! Fon!" I took his advice and kept close. Mean time the soldiers advanced in front of their cannon. The rebels also began to shew themselves. A few musquet shots were exchanged on both sides. Two rebels dropt, and one was wounded, and began to howl just like a *Chickasaw Indian* when he hears the war-hoop. But very few of the shots on either side were fired with proper judgment. Most of them owing to the cowardly positions of some, struck against the walls of the hollow side of the street. I now observed an important circumstance, which I hoped to tell the main-guard: The rebels balls flew (comparatively speaking) amazingly feeble. Hence it was evident that their powder was wretchedly inferior to that of our troops. I have been since told that it was manufactured for them at Wexford.

But



But alas! this was a miserable time for making observations; and it was hardly probable that I should ever escape alive to communicate them to my loyal friends. Still a shy firing was kept on, without any further effect; but at last both parties as if by mutual consent, appeared full in each other's view. Never was I more fired with the ardour of battle than now. What would I not give, to make one amongst the soldiers, even though I were sure to fall! Both parties began a clumsy sort of fire, when, suddenly the soldiers opening their cannon upon them, blew numbers of them off their legs; amongst whom was my friend Mr. "Fon, Fon!"

While the piece was pointing, but more especially during the short action of applying the match "my life" to use a vulgar saying, "was not worth sixpence." The explosion was dreadful! Some of the grape knuckled the flag just by my foot, and rose to a great height. Large numbers of rebels were still behind, as I am informed, expecting no doubt, to succeed the front in a charge: but they now fled, and were pursued by the soldiers with charged bayonets, and did further execution. I regret that I know not the name, &c. of a little red-headed stuttering *Connaught* soldier, who, on this occasion behaved charmingly. He stumbled over a dead body, and being, by this accident, left somewhat behind, a rebel from another shop door rushed at him with a very long pike. But the brave soldier kept his piece close to his hip, in its proper position, and thus firmly advanced, and boldly warding off the rebel's long protruded weapon, ran in upon him and pierced him a little below the heart, entering his body about two inches. Out came the blood and dirt, and there he left him "to make the most of himself" as he expressed it; without deigning to give him a single thrust more.

The soldiers having thus passed by, and I seeing the passage down the street pretty clear, I thought of running down with a budget full of news; but presently I was discovered

by a soldier (who happily for me) hollowed out to another, "there's a croppy!" Immediately both took their stand on the other side the street about three and twenty yards above me, and fired at me. On hearing their voice at first, I got into my former place. The balls grazed the shutters, and flew close by my foolish head, but without hurting me. Oh! had I only thought of knocking at the door, the Mr. DOWSLEY's and others of my loyal friends within would have given me a joyful reception, and good employment too in shooting Croppies. From the windows just over my head, they shot great numbers of them in the *Bake-house-lane*, where the villains slept in to prime and load. And there they lay literally, in a heap, besides which, very many more lay scattered about. This brought to my mind the observation on disarming the Glory-men. But to proceed:

The two soldiers perceiving me not to fall rushed towards me, and one of them, a Donegal militia-man, seized me by the collar, dragged me on one side—Just at this instant a crowd of soldiers rushing forward cried "stop! stop." But he not regarding them, was in the action of clapping his cocked musquet to my breast, when the brave and humane THOMAS FAGAN, of the City Dublin militia, Captain BRABASON's company, with *his* firelock tossed up the other, which in the very instant went off, without doing me the least injury. "What is that for?" indignantly asked my opponent. "He is a loyal subject" says *Fagan*. "He is a loyal subject" exclaimed another. "He is a loyal subject" re-echoed several of my late guards, coming up to my assistance. "Then what brings him here in coloured clothes?" asked my opponent. "Arragh! then it is a long story you want?" says *Fagan*: "Let us protect the gentleman and shew him into some house, and then go to our other business." Upon this the honest Donegal man, having primed and loaded his piece, recovered it very respectfully and took

me

me by the hand saying, *He was glad he had not the ill fortune to hurt a loyal subject; and that he would be my protector.* He then desired me to get in their centre, and on no account to hold any of their clothes if they should be charged by a fresh body of rebels; at which hug-a-bow caution I could not help smiling.

We proceeded towards the church-yard, where we were met by another party of the king's troops, between whom and my protectors a sharp altercation took place, on the subject of the latter quitting their post *to assist others who did not need their assistance.* On this occasion my protectors made spirited and suitable replies.

Here my curiosity had like once more, to be my ruin: For, while I was gaping fearlessly about, a sudden firing was heard near us; and being deceived by the number and glare of red coats on all sides of me, and not well knowing the faces of most of my friends, I discovered, when almost too late, that the gallant fellows were all gone to assist those who most probably would not murmur against or censure them on the occasion. Presently the little red-headed stuttering Connaught man stepped forward and levelling his piece would have shot me; but was prevented by serjeant *Cunningham* already mentioned, who averted the muzzle as he fired, and, not without some difficulty reconciled the whole party to let me go in peace. By his desire they formed a crescent behind me at the head of the street, and then bid me run for my life. I did so, but presently I heard high words amongst them, and three musquet balls came whizzing after me. About this time serjeant *Cunningham* was himself shot by some rebels who had like to come on the whole party by surprise. Passing by the barrack-lane, a rebel came out and levelled an old musquet at me, but presently crossed himself and took aim at a soldier, in doing which, he was himself shot, by a Dublin militia-man. As he fell, his piece went off, and he exclaimed,

exclaimed, *Scolt en Deoul!* "The devil split you!"—his last words! The lad who shot him was named *Dempsey*, a gallant young fellow. He belongs to the DUBLIN band. "Ha! are you there?" exclaimed my *Donegal*-man. "That fellow took you for a priest." I did not stand to talk, but ran down the *Priory-street*, expecting to get home by the way of *Cliffe's-lane*. A wounded rebel from a nook on the left side of the street, who I am told had done much mischief, limped across a little way before me to this lane, (so I am told, for I did not see him crossing) and was rushing out to fire, when I ran against him and accidentally threw him down. I was followed by *Dempsey* exclaiming "well done!" though really I did not see the fellow until I was almost on top of him. He fired his piece horizontally, but did no damage. Just then *Dempsey* fired. The ball broke his leg and lodged in his posteriors. A soldier called to me to wrest his piece from him, which I did, and he was soon after thrust through the body by *Dempsey*.

I would have gone down this lane which led to the very house I lived in on the quay, but a gentleman of some yeoman cavalry advancing with a drawn sword, I turned off and followed *Dempsey* to the main-guard. Here I was again accosted by my *Donegal*-man \* who asked me if *I would fight as a loyalist?* I answered very eagerly in the affirmative, provided some one would procure me uniform, arms and ammunition. "You shall have all you desire" said he; "stop! here comes a *Ross* yeoman; and he must furnish you: "The deuce is in't if you are not pretty well seasoned for this day. Just ripe. Eh!—Do you hear" addressing himself to Mr. HENRY NEWPORT of the *Ross* infantry, who was now hastening to his quarters on the bridge, "You yeoman! give this gentleman that fire-lock: you shall another just

\* I am sorry I do not know his name. From description of his person, I am told his name is Robert Mc. Donald.

now,

"now when some of us begin to fall." "Sir," answered *Newport* "I would oblige *Mr. Alexander*, if I could; but I shall give my arms to no-body." Upon this refusal a drummer was rushing towards him with a serjeant's halbert at a charge. *Mr. Newport* was presenting his piece at him in return, when a dragoon rode between and put a stop to the approaching conflict. Just before the dragoon advanced, I apprehending *Mr. Newport* would be killed on my account, ran towards the quay to avoid, as much as might be the occasion: For any interference on my part, might prove fatal to me. It was well I acted as I did: For I was pursued by a dragoon on foot, until I came within sight of Captain *Tottenham's* cavalry: Upon which he retreated. "Well! what news?" asked the Captain. "Sir," said I, "I have more news than I have time to relate, or you to hear." "How goes the battle?" "Sir, the king's troops are overturning the rebels like nine-pins. Did you hear the great huzzas and firing in the Main-street about ten minutes ago." "That we did" answered several. "Then" said I, "that shout was from a croud of rebels: But they are all now as silent as Quakers." They all laughed, and a facetious gentleman requested me to take another walk for news to the *Three-bullet-gate*, where the battle raged. But I begged to be excused; then knocked hard at the door, soon entered, and there continued until the battle was well nigh over.

CAPTAIN DILLON of the *Dublin Militia*, was quartered at our house, and for some days had been very sick. He accosted me as I entered, in a very friendly manner, and asked me what news? Upon my telling him, he requested, that all foldiers' knapsacks and accoutrements should be concealed; lest any of the rebels coming in, should murder us. He expressed great anxiety to go to the battle; but he was so extremely ill, on account of a violent pain in his back, that it was impossible he could stand it, to any purpose.

Still

Still the thoughts of remaining within-doors while his brother-officers and men were engaged, prayed upon his spirits and threw him almost into an agony. At length he left the house, and the next news we heard of him was, his being *beheaded* at GLENMORE! The soldiers speak of this unfortunate gentleman in terms of high respect and esteem.

At ten o'clock I heard the firing nearer and nearer. Looking out of the back windows toward the *main-street*, I saw great flames arise from some cabins facing the church-yard, and on a line with the *street*. Soon after some cabins in the *church-lane* blazed up; and shortly after that, the *brogue-maker's-lane* was all on a flame. Now the firing increased louder and louder; by which I guessed that the rebels were gaining very much on the town, and the battle approaching nearer and nearer; and I was right in my conjecture. Now *Michael-street* began to blaze. The *Main-street* also, and several other places burned more violently. Running volleys of musquetry, as rapid, and even as the long roll of the drum, were sometimes instantly drowned by the roaring of cannon, or the report confusedly mixed with a sudden burst of looser firing in another quarter, where fresh conflagrations began. The huzzas of momentary victors were now scarcely audible, amid the universal din. At half past ten, or later, I heard the heaviest firing of all, from some quarter about the *main-street*. All this soon stopped, and remoter firings began to increase, and looser firings nearer hand, without any intervening report of cannon. Looking towards the *main-street* once more, I beheld a slated house of about four stories high, towards the upper end of that street just set on fire. And the flames increased rapidly amid horrid shrieks which were soon drowned by the increasing noise of musquetry pretty near, and of cannon at some distance. A smart firing of musquetry now commenced in or about the gardens of the *brogue-maker's-lane*; and all on a sudden, a very uncommon

men and rapid succession of cannon in all quarters. Now the former din was for some time exceeded; but in about twenty minutes, it stopped almost all on a sudden. Now we heard a knocking at the door. It was opened, and three soldiers entered, earnestly begging a little refreshment as soon as possible. All was ready! This pleased them highly. The poor fellow's faces were discoloured with the powder; their mouths and teeth quite black, and their saliva as thick as gum water. They begged hard for a glass of spirits which was given them. They delayed as shortly as possible, and went out hastily to their serious employment. These men were soon succeeded by others, and so on till the battle was over; few of them delaying more than five minutes each time. Their accounts of the battle, though agreeing in particular circumstances, had very different influence on their conjectures of the probable issue. Most of them expected it would prove fatal; on account of the vast numbers of the enemy, who, they said fought with astonishing resolution, though falling in great numbers. One party, however, would inform us, that *the king's troops were gaining upon the enemy rapidly*; and the next minute, another would inform us, of *the very reverse*! Some few, indeed, said *they could make no probable conjecture of any kind, on the business*; and that *they were fools who would pretend to it*. But about twelve o'clock they all came with the heavy tidings, that, *the rebels were in possession of the upper part of the town*!!! Some told us, that *the yeomen on the bridge were actually firing on the town*! But about one, my Donegal man and some others, came and informed us that, *the rebels were now completely dislodged, by the renewed and vigorous assistance of the DUBLIN MILITIA which had retreated over the bridge for some time*. That *the Meath regiment also fought exceedingly well on the return of the Dublin*; and, that *much of their ill success was owing*

to the final retreat of the *Roscommon* regiment to Waterford. \* I asked him did *the* YEOMEN fire on the town? "Sir," said he "the man who told you so, in that strain, is a disaffected rascal in grain—(he stood by) The yeomen were fired on from a shabby house on the bridge end of the quay; and they fired on the windows of that house." There is the whole story. Hang me, but I believe it was a disaffected soldier, if not more, that fired on them! The way to know a *croppy* soldier is, by his hatred to a yeoman! Why, sir, there is a yeoman now in the battle, worth forty brave soldiers. The gentleman with the brass helmet. [Mr. M<sup>c</sup> Cormick] I assure you, sir, some of our troops fired at him." I afterwards asked Mr. M<sup>c</sup> Cormick, if *this* was true? and he declared it was, and that the soldiers who did so, pretended that they took him for a rebel general, on account of his brass helmet! Indeed many were the accounts we had of the bravery of "the gentleman with the brass helmet." I should not say so much of him, but that I know it will be more than justified by many hundreds; and some of those of the very first authority.

Exactly at half an hour after two, some of my brave and humane friends in tribulation called on me, and told me, that the battle was now too remote to affect the town; that, for their parts, they were too much fatigued in the late desperate charge, to follow on; but that, if I chose I might now come under their protection and see the town and the slain. I did so, and saw the streets literally strewn with dead carcasses. The greatest slaughter was in the *Main Street*, especially near the Churchyard. The piece of cannon planted on an eminence just above the *Church-lane*, did very much the greatest execution

\* The *Roscommon* regiment was only coming to town; but were dissuaded by lying fugitives. However it did vastly better; for had it not gone to Waterford, the rebels in that city would most probably rise up by thousands; through the false reports of the success of the *Rois* rebels, now vanquished.

of



of any other. Next to the *Main-street*, the greatest slaughter was round the *Town-wall*, where the battle raged. Next, the *Chapel-lane*, 'twas horrible; Next, *Brogue-maker's-lane*, *Michael-street* and the *Cross-lane*; in all which lanes the number of slain on the same length of ground was pretty equal; with this exception that, in the *Brogue-maker's-lane*, many were burned to ashes, of which we could have no knowledge or conjecture, but from many carcases reduced to a cinder, some of which were partly reduced to ashes. Amongst the slain in the *Main-street*, I saw bodies with frightful wounds of about one fortnight's standing, evidently distinguishable from those received on this day. It is almost incredible that men with such large deep raw wounds, could bear the fatigue even of their march from *Wexford* or *Enniscorthy*. Some of those gashes were nearly, if not entirely, to the bone, and six inches long! I speak moderately. What infatuated desperadoes! Scarcely any of them, but piously wore *Scapulars*. Mr. WHEATLY, of the *Ross* infantry, took off hundreds of them, and shewed them with as much glee as an *Israelite* in *King David's* time might be supposed to exhibit as many *fore-skins of Philistines*! One of the insurgents, not having sufficient faith in his *Scapular*, hung a pewter dish about his neck with a string. But neither his shield nor his *scapular* could save him. The dish was bored through with a musquet ball, and his body too!

One piece of superstition I saw, which I believe is not easily equalled, even by *Borlaskue*.—On the belly of a half-roasted rebel (of which there were very many—roasted to death in their own fires) at the entrance of *Chapel-lane*, lay a Roman Catholic prayer-book open at "The office for the dead." This, I suppose, was piously designed that the *Divine Being* himself should read the prayers "for the soul of the faithful departed." I will tell you why I think so. I took the book in my hand, and opening it at "an act of charity" re-

stored •

stored it to its former place; on which an innocent, but heavily-afflicted young woman (at least in appearance) modestly and respectfully reproved me. Then carefully turning over the leaves till she found the former place, she pressed the book open, and laid it on the heart of the corpse, as at first. I laughed a little, at which one of the soldiers looked much displeased, and left me!

The rebel carcases lay in the streets unburied for three or four days, some perforated over and over with musquet balls; or the bayonet; some hacked with swords; some mangled and torn with grape shot, and still worse with *pigs*; some of which I have seen eating the brains out of cloven skulls and gnawing the flesh about the raw wounds! Many rebels were reduced to ashes; many burned to a cinder; and, many partly burned, and partly roasted, till their flesh looked like roast pork. Amongst the slain were also many dead pigs.

Besides these terrible and disgusting spectacles, the back parts of the town exhibited a melancholy appearance. Such a number of houses, many of them the happy retreat of humble prosperity, reduced to ashes, was a dismal sight. Indeed there were but very few genteel houses burned. There were three new ones in the Priory-street, the owners of which expended the greater part of their property in the erection and fitting up. One large house was burned by the military, as having then been full of rebels; and a row of little cabins were burned by the soldiers, because rebels entered there, and fired out of them on the loyal army.

*The whole list of houses burned on the day of Battle, is as follows:*

In the *Priory-street*, 19—*Cross-lane*, 15—*Windmill-lane*, 9—*Brogue-maker's-lane*, 76—*Michael-street*, 45—*Main-street*, and *Church-lane*, 46—*Chapel-lane*, 20—Total, 230: To which if we add 56 in the *Irishtown* and *Maudslins*, the number will be, 286.

I have

I have now a melancholy tale to tell. About two years before this, I was accosted on the quay, very freely, by a young gentleman of about eighteen years of age, of whom however, I had no knowledge. We fell into much conversation: He seemed pleased with me; and I was delighted with him, beyond expression! In the course of these two years I saw him but four times, and conversed with him as often. I found him to be a scholar, and of naturally quick parts; and yet, with all this, he was *humble*, and *unaffectedly religious*. I never once enquired into his situation in life, or even asked his name; for, understanding that he lived in Dublin, I imagined that every interview would be the last. Judge what was my surprise to find my friend standing by the churd-yard cabins, which are on a line with the Main street, and were then burning! He exactly resembled the figure that is given us of *Werter*. That he was suffered to *unmist* in the street, in his present garb, is to me a miracle. I went up to him, and roused him from his reverie. He accosted me with awkwardly-assumed gaiety. I asked him *how could he venture out in coloured clothes?* "Sir," said he, "I wore scarlet until a little while ago that I was obliged to return it; but you intimate justly, my present situation is dangerous." He spoke with much pathos on the scene about him, and told me that *if I were willing to leave it, at the first convenient time, he was going to Dublin to some wealthy friends, who for one year would make me welcome for his sake.* "Then, my dear Sir," said he, "I shall be of age, and become heir to my estate in England." "But, sir," said I, "do you recollect, that I never had the curiosity to enquire into your situation or prospects in life? Excuse me, my dear friend, but really I do not even know your name." He smiled, and said, "you shall know all these things and more just now: let us come to the *New-inn*." He had just uttered these words, when several shots were heard down

down street; on which my soldiers ran down, first telling me *they would be back presently*, and desiring me to *stay where I was, as there was no danger now*. They were mistaken; for immediately afterwards a party *stept up to me*, and, I believe, had not some of them known me, both my friend and I should be put to death! Yet I did not think proper to leave the spot, till my conductors should appear. During this little interval of time, my friend was very imprudently inveighing, with a *loud voice*, against some plunder committed by the soldiers. "While I was in scarlet I ob-served them," says he, "without fear; and there are three of the greatest villains!" "Hush! hush!" I exclaimed, "or you will be overheard, and then we shall be put to death." He was jesting with my apprehensions, and repeated his former sentiments so loud, that I was really terrified, and was about to reprove him again, when my conductors appeared at a small distance, calling me. I bid him come on, and down I went. Presently one of my conductors asked me, *what those men were going to do with my friend?* I looked behind, and saw two of them taking him off a little way. I ran towards them, followed by my conductors. The soldiers brought him to the door of a burning cabin, and presently I heard a pistol go off. When we came up, behold my friend was shot, and the soldiers thrusting his head into the burning rubbish, having just taken his watch. "What did you do that for?" said I. "Ask himself," says the murderer, "he-he-he!" I attempted to remonstrate, but in every respect to no purpose; and I was given to understand, that, *if I valued my own life, the best of my play was to be quiet*. The shots I heard were fired at a concealed rebel; but I did not think proper to go and see. I went home and spent the remainder of that day in grief. —I have been since told, that my friend was taken for one White, a glazier of this town, out of whose house some rebels

rebels fired on the king's troops, while the poor man himself was at the other side the river, whither he had providentially escaped in the morning early.

I bethought myself of going back to the place where my friend suffered, in order to get his body interred, by the best opportunity. But it was now wholly involved in burning rubbish. I went into a little spot at the back of one of these houses, when about a dozen soldiers came running to me. I was expected to be murdered, after all my escapes. But how great was my surprise, when they gave me to understand that they took me for a priest, and wished me to hear them confession. I assured them I was no priest, but they desired me not to be afraid; for there were no *Orange-men* amongst them. I still insisted that I was no clergyman of any kind. I was soon left with but one, who dropt on his knees and began blessing himself. He still called to him to stop; but he proceeded far enough to shew he was a rebel. I walked off, and he did not attempt to follow; however some of the rest did. I told them I would oblige them by telling their story, and they followed me but a little way, excepting two, whom I actually brought to the convent and introduced to the clergymen there. Of the rebel I complained to an officer, who began to interrogate and in a loud laughing tone, as if he wished the soldiers round him to hear him and assassinate me! I instantly refused to say no more about it. The rebel-soldier was since hanged. One of my disciples on this confessing occasion, was JOHN DALTON, an innocent lad, of CAPTAIN LATOUCHE's company, in the *Dublin Militia*. He was fool enough to tell his blunder to his fellow soldiers, who *cobbed* him heartily for the joke. I have been taken for a priest I know not how often; and even General JONSON told me that he fell into the mistake.

Having now related those things to which I was an eye-witness, somewhat amplified however by received information,

tion, as *acknowledged* : I shall now, for a while, proceed to the aggregate report of soldiers, and some others. It has already been observed, that the account of any one of them concerning the battle, without more than regular information, could not go far, and therefore must be essentially deficient. I question if any man is furnished with *more* of the particulars than I am. I laboured hard to obtain them, and I have many more to communicate at a future opportunity.

On the fourth of June, 1798, the *Charter-House* picket, alarmed at the vast body of rebels that appeared at CORBET-HILL, just before them, retreated into Ross, upon which GENERAL JOHNSON, requested my friend, Mr. McCORMICK to station them at the junction of *Barnes-flann*, and the road leading up to CORBET-HILL. The officer of the party advanced this dangerous pass about half way, when he ordered his men to halt. "You appear to hurry?" said Mr. McCORMICK: "But to constrain you there is no danger, I shall gallop before you to the very road itself." He did so; and a perilous undertaking it seemed to be; the pass was so near, so convenient, and so important to the enemy. However, he received no hurt; nor did any one appear.

All that night the General with the assistance of Mr. McCORMICK, was occupied in stationing the troops in the most advantageous posts of ditches and eminences.

At four o'clock the next morning, one FURLONG, a rebel delegate, riding on his way from *Corbet-Hill* to *Ross*, with a flag of truce and proposals for surrendering the town and garrison, was shot by the pickets. All was quiet for some time. But, about five o'clock the rebels, not finding their delegated *Aid-de-camp* return, and, as may be supposed, guessing his fate, they came down in large bodies, and had several skirmishes with the military, whom they endeavoured all the while by feints, to draw into a snare; but without effect.

effect. Their last stratagem was, to drive several herds of cattle, which they had collected from the surrounding pastures, in upon the king's troops. The blind impetuosity of these animals, (several of which got into the town) at first answered the purpose of throwing the troops into confusion. The rebels taking advantage of this, rushed forward with a desperate boldness; and though great carnage was made amongst them, both from musquetry and artillery, they pressed on in such large numbers, and with such astonishing vigour and resolution, that great part of the army retreated into town by Three-bullet-gate, rallying however, at times, with great judgment, and repulsing large bodies with loss; and the grand body of rebels were so divided and widely scattered by the cannon of the remaining troops, that comparatively but few of them effected their purpose, and those who did, began immediately to set fire to every thatched-house they met. As soon as the insurgents began to enter the town, and in this fiery manner to proclaim their approach, several of the inhabitants from about the town-wall, whose houses had on the last *Patrick's day* been searched in vain for pikes, now appeared with pikes ready mounted, and joined the rebel army in the conflagration and battle.\*

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## At

\* That those villains had (further than conquest) diabolical designs at heart against Ross, of a piece with those afterwards perpetrated by them at *Wexford-bridge*, *Vinegar-hill*, *Enniscorthy*, and *Scallabogue*, may appear from the following well-authenticated facts.—1. One of the inhabitants of Ross, by the town-wall, a weaver, of the name of *Green*, ran with his pike into the house of a loyalist, just opposite to him, and with whom he had been upon habits of intimacy. A throng of rebels having just entered before him, he would have them murder his loyal neighbour as a *Protestant*, and entreated permission to have the first stab at him! Though the poor man was piked, yet the intended murder of him was prevented by a Roman Catholic woman, who dropt on her knees, and on her prayer-book swore that he and all his family were Roman Catholics. I have this from the loyalist's wife,

who

*At Boreen-a-flaun*, nearly two thousand rebels turned in upon about seventy dragoons, who were well mounted and well armed. The cavalry opened from side to side to admit the rebels to battle between. The insurgents rushed in with headlong impetuosity and persevering resolution; and tho' many of them fell in the attempt, yet the survivors pressed on, closely succeeded by others, and piked or shot man and horse from side to side. Nay, some of them lifted the men out of their saddles, vainly brandishing their sabres in that miserable situation; yet numbers of the rebels continued to fall. The bravery of the cavalry was wonderful: *seventy against two thousand!* The cavalry, at length overpowered by numbers, were forced to retreat with considerable loss; but *comparatively* far otherwise: this is the account of a late captain

who is herself a Roman Catholic.—2. A feeble and very old Roman Catholic, of the name of *Croke*, took an old Glory-man, much more strong and healthy than himself, under his protection, fearing he should be murdered as a *Protestant*. As they were both sitting together in a house, some armed rebels came in, exclaiming "who have we got here?" Upon which a young woman pointed out the Glory-man, whose name is *Robert Northrip*, as a *Swadler* or *Meibodiff*, and entreated them to pike him; which they would have done had not poor honest *Croke* (who was well known to one of them) pretended that *Northrip* was a Roman Catholic relation of his own. My authority for this, is both *Croke* and *Northrip*.—3. A young man of the name of *Roach*, a well-known lath-splitter of this town, and a rigid Roman Catholic, during the battle kindly protected the wife of a yeoman, by pretending she was his wife, and a Roman Catholic; and yet this humane man had severe justice dealt to him: he was ordered for transportation for being twice found at a public-house at unreasonable hours. It seems no oath was necessary for this; for it was falsely asserted of him that he was detected *three* times. From this sentence the affecting affidavit of the yeoman's wife could not save him! May God grant to his enemies more of that divine principle which he displayed to his *Protestant* neighbour, amid such clouds of prejudice! I applied to *General Johnson* on his behalf; to which he kindly answered, "Sir, out of respect to *your* word, what can be done *consistently* for him shall be done." Mean time *Roach* escaped confinement, defeating all our intentions.



captain of rebels. In the mean time, the enemy at the *Three-bullet-gate* being repulsed with horrible slaughter, and indeed at every post where the gallant GENERAL JOHN-SON appeared; which was ever in *the very whirl of the battle*, they extended themselves by walls and ditches all round, facing the back ruins of the town-wall. At various intervals, especially where the *General* advanced and issued his orders, tremendous engagements took place. These orders were carried forward and much effected by the exertions of the gallant *M'Cormick*, whom the troops now began to regard with martial veneration! All implicitly followed the animating instructions of "the gentleman with the brazen helmet." But the gallant intrepidity of the *General*, and his presence of mind, exceeded any thing I ever heard of: romantic language falls beneath it. I have fought under many brave commanders last war, and I do not remember one of whom hints were not thrown out, that *if he had arranged matters so or so, or, if he had fought with more firmness at such or such a crisis, matters would have turned out more happily*; but of the skill, courage, or perseverance of the hero of the *fifth of June*, I never heard mention but with the most unreserved applause! At the *Three-bullet-gate* his horse was shot under him, and instantly falling with his gallant rider, so bruised the *General's* leg and thigh that it is admirable with what alacrity he rose. He only complained of a cramp, remounted on another horse, and, tho' the balls flew as thick as hail, whizzing close by him in various directions, he stimulated his troops with his usual firmness; and with a most undaunted aspect, often dignified by a smile at the success of his very judicious orders. In this spirit he flew from post to post, running the gantelope of the enemy's fire; animating his troops, sending orders and receiving information by his aids-du-camp, amongst whom for the day was nominated the gallant *M'Cormick*.

A party of soldiers being at a disadvantageous, though safe post, firing at a strong party of rebels, which had occupied a very broad avenue between some fields without the town-wall, and on a line with the wind-mill, Mr. *McCormick* rode up to them and exclaimed, "for shame! for shame, soldiers! Do not throw away your ammunition upon such an uncertainty: follow me, and I will find you better employment." They did so, attended by their officers who had taken shelter in some old walls behind.—Mr. *McCormick* immediately conducted them to the very end of the avenue, where they had a full view of hundreds of croppies through a perpendicularly-barred gate. Here the soldiers commenced a very heavy and well-directed fire, which, though for a little while briskly returned, soon brought down vast numbers of them, and dislodged the rest; Mr. *McCormick* laughing all the while, and hollowing to the soldiers, "brave fellows! well done! that's right, that's right! stick to it! *buzzza!*"—Several large parties of rebels, who had occupied a very strong and important post just by, seeing their fellows fly in such large numbers, and many of them falling at the same time, most foolishly followed their example, and that in such a direction as exposed themselves to a very heavy fire from another quarter. While matters were thus going on at the *Three-bullet-gate* and town-wall, large bodies of the rebel army entered the *Priory-gate*, and after burning some houses there, amongst which were three small but lofty and well-built slated houses, they rushed up the *Cross-lane*, burning some houses also. Here they were met by a party of horse, (their former opponents at *Boreen-a-shoun*) with Mr. *McCormick* at their head. At his word they charged the enemy with good success, and yet soon gave way, leaving the gallant *McCormick* in the midst, dealing about him furiously. What could one man do against an hundred? a great deal, when they are cowards and he

is

is brave; for "fortune ever favours the bold!" Mr. *M'Cormick*, though musquet-balls flew by him both to the right and left, received no hurt, which he ascribes wholly to PROVIDENCE. He was now sent by the *General* to a certain officer commanding at a cannon, which he kept pretty closely belching away ammunition at—*fers nihil*. "Sir," said Mr. *M'Cormick*, "*General Johnson* desires me to inform you, that it is his orders *you will shift your position nearer to the Three-bullet-gate*;" but he did not deign to make any reply, or shift his position in the least. Mr. *M'Cormick* then went to the *Pig-market* with instructions from the *General* to a certain officer of horse there, to charge his troop at the *Three-bullet-gate*; but neither did this gallant gentleman vouchsafe to make a reply, which so chagrined Mr. *M'Cormick*, that he exclaimed, "Sir, do you doubt my word? the *General* has (for this day) appointed me his aid-de-camp, and desires me to communicate these orders. If you doubt my word, keep me in fight, and let us go to the *General*, and, if my report is false, shoot me! let you and your men shoot me through the body!"—The officer continuing obstinately silent, Mr. *M'Cormick* returned to the *General*, and being sent back with a renewed charge, behold! the silent officer and his men were capering over the bridge; and Mr. *M'Cormick* did not think it his duty to chase them: that was the rebels' part. I insert these things by Mr. *M'Cormick's* express desire and information, and leave those gallant gentlemen to their blushes! During this unsuccessful interval, the *Brogue-maker's-lane* was set on fire. It leads from the *Three-bullet-gate*. Curfory readers will forgive this repetition. The rebels ran along this street holding lighted wisps under the eaves, and others followed rousing the flame with their pikes. Coming towards the end, they met a sturdy and successful

successful opposition from the Church-lane,\* which they burned. The cannon planted there was at this time removed a little way. At this very time the battle raged horribly round the eastern town-wall, or ruins of a wall, and so round to the *Three-bullet-gate*. Now too, a smart engagement took place in the *Priory-street*, whence the soldiers, though successful, soon very cunningly retreated, and got by various passages round to the Court-house. Here, in company with the main-guard, (who could not till now commence their fire without danger of killing their friends) they commenced a heavy, firm, and well-directed fire; yet, (strange to tell!) the rebels began to press forward; but the ship-cannon being opened upon them swept crowds of them off their legs! The rest fled; but, ere this victory was gained, the *Brogue-maker's-lane* rebels began to throng down the Main-street for the second time. But by this time there were plenty of soldiers about the Court-house to entertain them with showers of leaden potatoes! Still the fool-hardy fellows continued to advance and fall; and though the ship-cannon took off numbers of them, scores of them got down by intervals as far as the *Bake-house-lane*, firing all the way. Many of them entered the lane to prime and load, but they never came out again till they were dragged out four days afterwards, to be thrown into the river; for not one of them but was shot from Mr. Dowley's window on the opposite side of the street: I do not think a single man escaped that way to the end of the street. At this time various incidents happened, and

\* Here they met a sturdy opposition before, i. e. sometime after eight o'clock, but at an immediate second attempt they were for a short time successful, and began to sneak down the street, and so forth. These, with many other particulars of that stage of the battle, I have related from personal knowledge. It is painful to enter upon repetitions thus, for the advantage of those *Ennuis*, who will read any part of a story but the beginning or end.

and I know not which to relate first. Mr. *M'Cormick* was flying from street to street, and from post to post, rallying or urging on the King's troops, splitting the skull of a crotchy now and then, *en passant* ! Fighting at one post, he would roar like a lion at a parcel of fugitives to join. It was done ! "The gentleman with the brass helmet gave the word."—*My Donegal man*, as I call him, shewed me a dead rebel, whose skull Mr. *M'Cormick* absolutely cut in two. The stroke passed as straight as a plane, diagonally, i. e. from the right temple to the lower part of the left jaw : a wonderful cut "from *left to right*." I saw a pig gnawing the part of the skull which was struck off. Mr. *M'Cormick* passing by John's-street observed, for the first time, a gentleman who was very active in making the entrenchments *before* the battle, now on horseback, with his saddle-bags well stuffed behind him. "I will tell you what, Sir," says Mr. *M'Cormick* to him, "if you, who have been so very forward and active in making preparations to *avoid* the enemy, will not now *fight* them that they are come, as I have an existence, I will cut your saddle-bags to pieces ; and I would do so now, but that you are unarmed." This story has been related variously ; nay, it was asserted that Mr. *M'Cormick* said, in what the narrator would call Quaker-language, "Thou son of Belial ! return unto the fight ; or, by heaven thou diest !" "That was false, James," says *M'Cormick*, "I fear God ; therefore I do not swear, nor does any *Quaker*, justly so called, swear ; neither have I ever joined with Quakers, but in *worship* for some time. I am a *Methodist* soldier, and will die one. What I have related to you of the *knight of the saddle-bags*, is the fact. I love and honour the *Quakers*, as every man who loves God in sincerity *must* ; but I am no *Quaker*, any more than you are a *Methodist*, because you love them."

The

The rebels who had burned the Church-lane, got into the house of a Protestant publican (one *Sabourin*) at the corner of the *Brogue-maker's-lane*, just facing them. The house was slated, and too large to be easily burned without losing considerable time; yet they attempted it, but not 'till they piked Mrs. *Sabourin* most cruelly, and robbed the house of bonds and other things of considerable value.— Poor Mrs. *Sabourin*! she was the friend of the distressed, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant. Before the rebels could entirely effect their fiery purpose the king's army came upon them; but the circumstance of the insurgents being found there, brought the unmerited fury of some soldiers upon the already suffering and afflicted woman. However she out-lived her husband, a man of excellent character. I believe the afflictions of this day shortened his life. Now a fresh attack at the *Church-lane* commenced. The cannon there did great execution; but the rebels pressed on with their usual vigour! Drop, numbers of them did; but still the rest pressed on! Nay, large numbers of them got into the burned cabins, within ten yards of the cannon, trampling on the glowing embers; and loosening stones from the tumbling walls with their pikes, flung them in such heavy showers, and with such amazing force and judgment on the soldiers at the cannon, that they were just beginning to give way, when their courage was re-animated by the approach of "the gentleman with the brazen helmet." "For shame! for shame! soldiers!" says he, "do not give way to their *beggar's-bullets*.\* Turn that cannon upon them and dislodge them, this instant: now for it!" They did so, amid a shower of stones, and, though sadly bruised, effected their purpose so well that but few of the rebels escaped

\* Never did they handle any weapons with more dexterity, or terrible effect, for the time!

caped alive to tell the story. All this time the battle, especially at the eastern-wall and about the *Three-bullet-gate*, was carried on by both parties with vigour; and, had our brave General been supported by soldiers of a moderate share of his spirit, it must have by this time terminated in his favour; but he did wonders. At length, weakened by the retreat of great numbers of the military, he first charged the principal officers to prosecute their charge with obstinate vigour, while he went on an important business which should not detain him many minutes. The greater part of the *Dublin militia* were now on the county *Kilkenny* side of the bridge, and many soldiers of different regiments deserted to *Waterford*. On their way they met the *Roscommon militia* coming to *Roslin*. The fugitives, to justify their own flight, told the officers of this regiment such a lying story of the success of the rebels, that the regiment was ordered to march to *Waterford*. A happy and most providential circumstance, as has been observed. Who can deny that the hand of *Gód himself* was visible in opposing this rebellion? in protecting this country and securing it to its present government? Lord *Mountjoy*, colonel of the *Dublin militia*, was killed an hour or two before this period of my narrative. Major *Vesey*, of that regiment, stood the brunt of the battle to the last. I am sorry I am not furnished with the particulars of this gentleman's gallant conduct. How imperfect is my long narrative! "Oh! James," says *McCormick*, "there was a soldier for you!" Next and equal to him, I believe I may justly mention Major *Vandeleur*, of the *Clare* regiment. You know the whole garrison spoke of them with admiration; therefore make mention of them. I am almost sorry that the *General* so closely employed you in the garrison after the battle,\* that you could not collect

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a full

\* I was appointed temporary Major of the unarmed loyalists, i. e. about seven hundred inhabitants and others, indiscriminately called *loyalists*. I distributed

a full account of the gallant conduct of those and some other brave officers; but you can speak from the general report of the garrison, for the privates were not sparing either of their censure or praise of any man, from our brave *General* to one of themselves.

*General Johnson* being (as I observed) deserted by many of his troops, galloped through the town to rally them.—Coming to the bridge (on the opposite side of which the *Dublin* were drawn up) he found his brave *M'Cormick*, haranguing a party of them to return to their duty, and offering fifty guineas to any fifty men who would accompany him to a charge, at which he would give the lead. This offer was not regarded; but the very sight of their gallant *General* roused them! His word soon prevailed; but when he informed the *Dublin* regiment that their brave old Colonel was slain, and even mangled by rebel pikes, there was no bounds to their fury! They were determined to conquer and revenge, or die, to a man; and well they fulfilled the former part of their resolution. If Lord Mountjoy's noble spirit only saw what this gallant regiment did now for his sake, I am sure that noble, and loyal, and gallant spirit would be more than reconciled to its disobedience. It may well be said of that nobleman, as was said of *Sampson*, that "the dead which he slew at his death, were more than they which he slew in his life."

It may seem, from the course of this narrative, that the *Dublin* regiment retreated for a long time, and other matters will appear to some to be recorded too late. It is necessary to mention, in apology for those appearances, that a narrative of this kind must (to the unskilful or superficial reader) unavoidably be hurried on. The *Dublin* regiment, however, distributed their services in the garrison, and ordered their provisions.—Amongst those men were the *Glory-men*, most certainly loyal. They now make a respectable part of our yeomanry, and continue to respect their quondam Major.



unavoidably lie under such disadvantages. For it will not be recollected by *all*, that in a battle of the kind which I take upon me to describe, very different and equally-important manœuvres and transactions will happen in various quarters, and *in the very same period of time*; these must be related one after another, and not at once; and to stuff such a narrative with petty chronological observations, is only sickening the reader's patience, as effectually as the perpetual tautology and circumlocution of a law indictment.— Besides, I write in a very great hurry; and though I give my *fortnight's* vacation to the business, I have very disorderly minutes to arrange before I can attempt a line, and I am unavoidably obliged to write amidst the prattle and noise of little innocents, over whom I do not wish to act the tyrant. The *Dublin regiment* were not long absent from battle; nor did they retreat until they sustained much of it, perhaps more than would fall to their share if every soldier did his duty with equal bravery.

As the General advanced through the town, at the head of this gallant regiment, his very looks fired the troops with fresh ardour, and he was soon joined by very many more determined fellows. During his short absence, (an absence of but a few minutes, though it may appear longer through my account) the rebels got possession of the upper part of the town. Oh! what a dismal day it would have been for the south of Ireland, had our gallant hero fallen! I wish to speak within bounds; I say nothing of what might be the fate of the Kingdom at large, but leave every grateful Irish loyalist of moderate information to his own reflections. I must now leave our General to make his arrangements, and talk of other matters, which will delay me longer in writing than he took in making the rebel army fly.

A slated house, about four stories high, in the *Main street*, near the top, and on the *Church-yard* side, was occupied on

every floor by rebels, who fired out of the windows on the king's troops. Mr. *McCormick* being informed of this, got under it, and, with the very able and active assistance of Mr. *Roger Unsworth*, trumpeter to the *Refs* cavalry, set it on fire, and burned seventy-five almost to ashes. They were not, *every one*, burned alive. Two or three of them attempting to take shelter in an oven backwards, were shot, and so burned. One rebel, a brave fellow! escaped through the flames. While he was making off, Mr. *McCormick* ordered Mr. *Nagulan*, quarter-master of the 5th regiment of dragoons, to shoot him; which he immediately attempted to do, but missed fire, and the rebel got completely off unhurt, except by a slight scorching. Oh! that this rebel may learn, from this fiery lesson, the iniquity of his ways, and become a true penitent and a useful member of society! A piece of cannon on the town-wall was, in the very height of an emergency, overturned by too much precipitancy of its attendants. A dreadful interval took place before it was restored to its right position. This was effected with the more difficulty from the narrowness of the place, from which on the outside was a very deep ditch, so that a very little slip would have proved fatal. The piece was afterwards used with very great success; but it was soon taken by the rebels, who ran up to the very muzzle of it, and made its attendants retreat with more loss. These soon rallied with more troops, retook it, and used it with double effect to the very end of the conflict. "Oh!" exclaimed Major (now Colonel) Vesey, of the Dublin regiment, "had those rebels been properly trained and seasoned, and were they to fight in a loyal cause, how valuable to their country would they be! The devil in hell, and all his troops of fallen angels, (provided they were mortal) could not withstand them. I shall think more of Irish courage than ever I did in my life." Yet all did not avail them!

Somewhere

Somewhere in the body of the town, a cannon belonging to the military was fired, and produced horrid carnage; instantly the remaining rebels, who from some local circumstances escaped, rushed on the piece, and, though numbers of them fell by the musquettry, and others by the sword, they pressed on repulse after repulse, until one of them caught away the worm.\* The piece being now discharged, an old rebel took off his wig, and clapping it upon his pike, rammed it into the cannon, exclaiming, "huzza! the town is our own!"† And so it was—just then: the worm being gone, the gun became useless, inasmuch, that the men were obliged to spike it, and break the carriage. Nevertheless the rebels thought to make use of it; for, hammering with a stone at the spike, and pecking at it with the claw end of the hammer, but finding all to no purpose, the old wigless man would exclaim, "bad luck to this fellow's damnation brogue-nail! it is *clined*, as if the devil himself was holding it in the hole within. "Cross of Christ about us!" All this time some few shots were fired on the rebels by the retreating party, from some old walls. This cannon, for a long time after the battle, lay on the bridge, and was called "the wig cannon."

I should have mentioned before, that to the cannon formerly taken they tied an artillery-man, whom they had taken prisoner. In this situation they held their pistols to his head, threatening to shoot him if he turned the piece upon any

\* The worm is a pole, with an iron screw on one end, for the purpose of drawing the charge.

† On the day appointed in Ross, for the victory gained by Lord Nelson over the French fleet, the ship cannon mentioned were several times fired; and a countryman, in a shabby wig, standing by with a contemptuous grin in his countenance, the cannoner snatched off the wig, clapt it into the cannon, and then fired, crying "huzza! the town is our own!"

any rebels. Soon a large party of the king's troops appeared, and the loyal fellow, though he knew his death must be the consequence, elevated the piece so much, that the rebels saw through his design, and asked him *was he going to shoot crows?* Without making any reply, he fired up in the air, and exclaimed "there is a shot for you!"—

"This is a better," exclaimed one *Forrestal*; and so saying, clapt a pistol to the but of his ear, and directing it upwards, shot him through the head. Thus fell this martyr to loyalty! and I am heartily sorry that I cannot add his name. I shall be obliged to any gentlemen of the artillery who reads this, to communicate our friend's name to me, and it shall be recorded, with proper respect, in a future continuation to this narrative. This part also shall, at some future period, be drawn up in a more proper, correct, and methodical manner; with such observations as these in their proper places, and *his* great name introduced as it ought. And if my brave, courageous, and humane *Donegal-man*, will favour me with *his* name, it shall also be introduced with proper respect; and he shall, (if he will please to favour me with the acceptance) have one of these books bound in Morocco leather, with a gilt inscription on the cover, briefly expressive of his great merits and my gratitude.

The rebels used their cannon very foolishly. A six-pounder they had tied upon a dray, and fired it in a most bungling manner. They had one howitzer, which was attended by one *Boxwell*, formerly of the *Royal Irish Artillery*.—He threw a couple of shells from it with tolerable judgment; but, through his bungling assistants, he was killed, and the piece taken. He was a true rebel; for being wounded, and unable to stand the fatigue, he desired to be tied to the piece. This rascal died a martyr to rebellion!

In the mean time, our gallant *General* set his troops in array. A dreadful change soon took place, and was prosecuted

secured with such vigour and persevering resolution by the king's troops, that it terminated in their favour. And even then, so invigorated were the army by the bright example of their great General, also of Major Vesey and Esq. Kelly of the Dublin, Major Vandellban of the Clare regiment, Captain Bloomfield of the flying artillery, Major Mellifont, the General's aide-de-camp, that they pursued the rebel fugitives for some short time, though greatly fatigued and harassed with the business of the day.

Of Captain Bloomfield's exertions, from my own certain knowledge, I can speak much. His labours to make way for the cannon through many hilly passages, and to barricade the town in proper places, were very great. It was chiefly in these works that companies of loyalists were employed.

From Ross the rebels retreated to Carrick Byrne, a most rugged mountain of rock near Scollaboguey, but some time before the battle ended that a party of them completed the massacre there. Of this horrid business I may relate some few particulars hereafter. From Carrick Byrne they retreated to *Shieve Killybeg*, about two miles and a half in a straight line E. S. E. from Ross. Thence, in about a week, they retreated to Larkill or Lackin-hill, and there continued till the very fight of General Johnson's troops, on their march to Vinegar-hill, dislodged them, and made them fly in various directions. They were not, however, pursued; the troops marched on. I must now return to the thread of my narrative, which I have to expand with observations and anecdotes, entangled with retrograde accounts and allusions, broken with apologies, and knotted with anticipations.

The force of the enemy I have already stated to be about 35,000, and that they had 2,000 stand of fire-arms besides pistols; also cannon, and pikes. The number killed is conjectured to be about 2,600, many say 3,000. Of these 1000 were

were counted in the streets of Ross only. Besides the dead bodies from which the general conjecture was made, we have been since informed, that the enemy had brought several cars and harts, with them to carry away as many of their slain as possible. But some of the rebels assured me, that they had enough to do, to carry off a very moderate number of their wounded, many of whom died by the way. Of the force by which this great host of domestic enemies were opposed; and of the skill of our inestimable General in disposing of his troops in order of battle, so as to sustain the least loss, and at the same time do the greatest execution, *some conjecture may be formed, from the following list of regiments under him, and of the killed and wounded.* But the merit of this courageous, skilful and intrepid commander will appear more in its true light, if we consider the astonishing resolution and obstinate bravery of the enemy.

*Return of the killed, wounded, and missing, of the troops engaged at Ross, on the fifth day of June, 1798.*

Colonel Lord Mountjoy, of the County of Dublin militia, killed—Cornet Ludwell of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Dragoons, killed—Major Vesey of the Dublin, wounded—Major Vandeleur of the Clare, wounded—Captain Sinclair \* of the Donegal, wounded—Captain Warburton and Lieutenant Flinter, of the Queen's-County, missing—Lieutenant Hardford, of the Kilkenny, missing—Lieutenants Blake and Butler, of the 89<sup>th</sup>, attached to light battalion, missing—Quarter-master Hay, of the Mid-Lothian, killed.

#### DRAGOON REGIMENTS.

Fifth Regiment—1 serjeant, 26 rank and file, 26 horses, killed—1 rank and file wounded—1 serjeant, 3 rank and file, 20 horses, missing.

\* Mr. Mc. Cormick speaks highly of this gentleman's prowess; also of Ensign Kelly of the Co. Dublin Militia.

Ninth—4 rank and file, 5 horses, killed—1 drummer, 1 rank, and file wounded.

Mid-Lothian—6 rank and file, 3 horses, killed—2 rank and file, 1 horse, wounded—1 horse missing.

Rofs Cavalry—1 rank and file, wounded.

### REGIMENTS OF ARTILLERY.

British Horse Artillery—1 rank and file, 9 horses killed—2 rank and file, 4 horses, wounded—1 rank and file, 1 horse missing.

Irish Flying Artillery—1 rank and file, 11 horses killed—2 rank and file, wounded—12 rank and file, missing.

### MILITIA REGIMENTS.

North Mayo—2 rank and file wounded—1 serjeant, 7 rank and file missing.

Antrim—4 rank and file killed—5 rank and file wounded—4 rank and file missing.

Kilkenny—1 rank and file killed—4 rank and file missing.

Queen's-County—1 serjeant, \* 1 rank and file killed—6 rank and file wounded—6 rank and file missing.

Clare—1 serjeant, 1 drummer, 3 rank and file killed—2 rank and file wounded—10 rank and file missing.

Meath—15 rank and file killed—9 rank and file wounded—10 rank and file missing.

—† Militia—9 rank and file killed—8 rank and file wounded—1 drummer, 4 rank and file missing.

Dublin County—1 serjeant, 2 drummers, 9 rank and file killed—14 rank and file wounded—1 drummer, 5 rank and file missing.

\* This was the brave and humane Serjeant CUNNINGHAM, who fell a victim to his humanity to me. He was shot by surprise as he was providing for my safety. Peace and honour to his Manes!

† This is marked "Clare militia" in my notes. Perhaps there are two regiments of Clare, as well as of Cork and Mayo militia. I shall be obliged to any gentleman who will set me right.

M

Donegal

Donegal—1 rank and file killed—6 rank and file missing.

Ross infantry—1 rank and file killed.

Total, 91 killed, and 54 horses—59 wounded, and 5 horses—81 missing, and 4 horses—Total of killed, wounded and missing, 235, and 63 horses.

*Return of Ordnance, Stores, &c. taken from the Rebels in the  
Action of the fifth of June, 1798.*

One 5  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch Howitzer on a Ship Carriage—1 brass 6 pounder, tied on a dray—1 iron 4 pounder on a Ship Carriage—1 iron 3-pounder, ditto—1 iron 2 pounder, ditto—14 swivels variously mounted. Total 19. \*

Fourteen shot of different sizes, a quantity of musquets and other fire-arms, which were mostly destroyed, and an immensity of pikes, which were broken as soon as taken. A variety of standards and colours.

Such, my dear Wentworth! is the *general* account of what a certain narrator slightly terms “the affair at Ross!” and though he justly acknowledges, that “the particulars would fill a volume,” he seems to insinuate that any person attempting a narrative to exceed his *feeble* account, must run the risque of telling *falsehoods*! yet you see upon what indisputable authority the more *important* particulars of my account is founded. The privates of the regiments now recorded, desire me to say, that *they* will support the truth of it. The account is their own, excepting what I have acknowledged to be otherwise received. The account is justified by the gallant M<sup>r</sup> COORMICK, of whose very superior knowledge of the battle you have the testimony of the officers concerned, as attested by the very honourable letter of Sir RICHARD MUSGRAVE.

\* It may be necessary to inform *some*, that our canoes retaken are not numbered with the above.

Before



Before I proceed to relate what further passed in this town, I shall make a few more observations. There are some officers who fought at this battle, whose names though not mentioned in my account, deserve to be recorded with honour. Amongst these, I remember the name of Captain *Hamilton* of the County Dublin militia. Amongst the privates also, there were heroes. *My Donegal Man* fought like a tiger. I am told he brought many down with his fixed bayonet and otherwise, though he never received a wound. Mr M<sup>c</sup> CORMICK authorises me to say, that my gallant deliverer THOMAS FAGAN of CAPTAIN BRABAZON's company in the Dublin militia, also fought with great perseverance—from beginning to end! The brave are always humane. A serjeant of horse, of whose loyalty, I cannot doubt, though I am since informed (I believe falsely!) that he was hanged for disaffection, distinguished himself most courageously (before the battle) in flogging and strangling rebels. This man's conduct in the battle confirms me in an old maxim of mine, that a brave man cannot be inhuman. A *fiery* gentleman of another regiment comes under the same predicament. He bathed his sword in the blood of fifty rebels on the fifth of June, but they were all slain to his hand! He exhibited *before* them, if he did not make them *see* or *feel* his loyal resentment! It is unnecessary to mention the name of any man who was in *general useles*s. Any soldier who fought here on the fifth of June will tell you what I mean by this observation, if you have not heard already what will suggest it to yourself.

Of the Ross infantry I have these remarks to make. They were foolishly censured by some for not quitting their station on the bridge, and going into the heat of the battle. They had no right to quit their station; and had they done so, it might have been fatal to the town; for, a rebel captain of the name of GAFNEY, who was taken and hanged in this town

three weeks after the battle, had a force of 2,500 rebels waiting near GLENMORE to enter the town by that way. He had perpetual intelligence from Ross, and well knew what a warm reception and sure repulse he should have to experience were he to attempt entering at so dangerous a pass. The Ross yeomen have been of infinite service on all occasions. During the time of the conflagrations of rebels' houses at Greengate, they rigidly adhered to their duty as loyalists, in every thing, unless we may except the article of free quarters: They generously paid for what they ate or drank, *the full value!*

There were soldiers in the garrison on the fifth of June, who had a violent prejudice against the yeomen, and loyal refugees, called GLORY-MEN. Mr. EDWARD DEVEREUX of the Ross Cavalry (of whom also the Dublin regiment speaks highly) saw a soldier on the day of battle thrusting a large piece of white paper under the band of a dead rebel's hat, and not knowing that he was observed, the knave turned about exclaiming "There's Death and Glory for you. See what rebels those *Glory-men* are!" One of the yeomen (Francis Robinson) left his post and went into the battle. He was soon shot by a corporal who was since hanged for disaffection.

That some of the Ross inhabitants burned their own houses, I am disposed to believe from the account of one, who said that when the insurgents entered his house, one of them asked "Why have not *you* a wisp to light up your house? you old booby!" But I believe that the number who were guilty of this crime, was not many. However, one man could do a great deal of mischief that way, amongst thatched cabins, in a very short space of time.

During the battle some of the king's troops plundered the houses of most of the inhabitants who fled: And, I believe the plunder of these houses would much more than rebuild those

those that were burned. However, much of the plunder, especially shop-goods, was, through the vigilance of *General Johnson*, returned.

The battle was scarcely over, and the men refreshed, when a wanton firing commenced in various quarters of the town. Some soldiers fired at the dead carcases; some shot pigs. Whether any of the inhabitants were now shot, I believe none but soldiers can tell; for I could not perceive a single man in coloured clothes but myself, excepting my murdered friend. In the *Priory-street*, I went to see a row of cabins set on fire by the soldiers, on account of some rebels firing out of them. While the thatch was blazing, I saw a woman enter into one of them with a stoop, and a soldier taking aim at her hip with his musquet; but in that instant, another soldier (a yeoman I believe) called out, saying, "what are you at?" and he desisted. *General Johnson* ordered all firing to cease as soon as every man should have discharged his piece; and, finding the firing to continue, ordered the men in parties on the bridge to discharge their pieces, and none others to fire on any pretence. While they were on the bridge, they discovered a man who proved to be a soldier, tho' he wore coloured clothes, skulking under some large boats on *Rosbercon-strand*. Immediately a heavy fire commenced on this unfortunate being, from upwards of fifty men, and that for two whole minutes; and yet I am told he escaped, by bawling out "I am a soldier! I am a soldier!" Not a ball struck him! Walking with *Sir James Fowles*, Colonel of the *Mid-Lothian*, a ball whizzed by his ear, close under his helmet. He never discovered the least emotion, but observed with the utmost sang froid, "see there now, Mr. Alexander, that is no less than the fourth time I had like to be shot by my own friends."

I went on the bridge and remonstrated with the soldiers on the matter. "What is that you say?" said one of them, "did

"Did not you get it? Are you coming to be shot like a man?"

"No" answered one of my acquaintances "That gentleman is not born to be shot. He stood three chances already; and this would be but too many." Upon explaining himself there was a roar of laughter; in so much that a crowd of soldiers gathered on the bridge in a minute. At this I began to be alarmed for my safety; for they thought no more of shooting any man in coloured clothes that day, than of shooting a dog.

The shop of one *Glancy*, a grocer, was broken open to procure spirits to mix with water for the king's troops, and immediately the house was plundered of goods to the amount of £375. 13s. 8d; and yet he has met with no compensation! The deputy commissary general informed him that such compensation was not within his department. \*

The day after the battle two rebels, who had taken shelter in a house near the New Inn, were shot in the street. I observed a lady passing by the bodies, just after they fell. She kicked one of them and exclaimed "The rascals!" This was not a *Ross* lady. The Thursday after the battle, passing by *Alexander's-lane* I heard a pistol go off. Turning aside to see what was the matter I saw one *Christopher Gefford* of the *Ross* yeomen and a soldier standing over a dead body. I enquired into the matter: Both he and the soldier gave me the following account. The soldier walking through the lane observed the door of a house half open, which was then very unusual. Upon this he went in, and a man lying on a bed said, in a piteous tone, "God bless you, soldier, and when you go out shut the door hard after you." "I will" an-

\* General Johnson informed me that he would interest himself in behalf of this suffering loyalist, provided he would produce certain documents to prove his loyalty. He did procure them very satisfactorily, and yet delays to apply! The person who did break open the shop, gave an acknowledgment of it from under his hand. This acknowledgment I put into the hands of the General.

swered

swered the soldier, and walked softly out. He pulled the door too several times but found it would not latch. Just then Gefford passed by, and asked *what was the matter?* Being informed, he said, "faith, may be the fellow there is a crotty: let me see!" Saying this, he went in and stripped off the bed-clothes. Finding that the man had most of his clothes on, he rightly conjectured that he was one of the rebels. On examining his body, he found it piked in several places. Perceiving this, he dragged the man out of the bed, and so into the lane, and called to an artillery-man, who had a pistol, to shoot him. The face of the corpse had the evident mark of a foot, from the left eye across the cheek. I did not enquire whether the man was kicked dead or alive, but went on my way.

The next Saturday, a drummer of the Donegal regiment and a soldier's wife were tried for plundering, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. About twelve o'clock that day they were escorted to the place of execution by a strong guard: the gallows was a tree in the church-yard. The drummer, after some acts of devotion, every word of which he pronounced after the priest, ascended the ladder. He begged hard for pardon, which the General absolutely refused, and observed, that "*lenity to such was cruelty to the innocent.*" As for the woman," continued the General, "considering her youth, and that she may yet reform, I shall intercede for her with *General Johnson*, who, I make no doubt, will pardon her, out of respect to my word; but as for you, you *must* go." The man then entreated his fellow-soldiers to report that *he died in the field fighting for his country!* "Very well," said the priest, "now reconcile yourself to your fate, and call to heaven for mercy." Then repeating some words to that effect, which the culprit repeated after him, the unfortunate man was turned off. That instant several of the guard dropt on their knees, and

as we may suppose, prayed for his departing spirit. By their means they appeared to be very devout. The executioner was an ugly-looking rebel prisoner. He went through the whole of his office with great apparent tenderness, protracting the fatal moment as much as possible, and at intervals praying for the soul of the culprit. At last being peremptorily commanded to finish his duty, he kissed the man with every appearance of affection, and, not without assistance, turned the ladder. Some of the soldiers then called out, saying, "that rebel will try to escape." "If he attempts it," says an officer standing by, "put him to death." The body hung there a great part of the day. In about an hour after it was turned off I returned to the place, and one of the guards observed to me, "there is not one in twenty of the inhabitants who pass by, but look at that poor fellow with as little appearance of pity as if he were a common robber." For my part, I looked on the fellow as a robber whose guilt was of *no common dye*; and yet I viewed him with real pity.

About this time an officer came up, and one of the guards said to him, "our rebel hangman is shot: he was pardoned in consequence of this job, but one of our men followed him out of town and shot him." "He did well," replied the officer!

The execution of this drummer had a speedy and excellent effect. There was an immediate stop to plundering; and those who were possessed of plunder were alarmed for themselves; but they needed not to be under such apprehension: many of the inhabitants having fallen in the battle, while attempting to escape their burning houses; the rest were moderately content with their lives, which they feared they should lose in case of a second attack upon the town: and of this all were apprehensive. No sufferer, therefore, was so foolhardy as to complain; but *General Johnson*

*Johnson* was not the less mindful of them. He had every boat which passed up or down the river examined, and other measures taken, by which he recovered great quantities of shop and household goods, and these he caused to be exhibited to the inhabitants, so that not a few of them recovered considerable part of their property—damaged indeed, but yet the value was considerable. A serjeant who was quartered upon us, and who was very forward in his conduct before this time, now grew very humble. He had several dozens of port and claret during the first week, but it soon disappeared. Such a forward villain I never knew! The female thief was drummed out of town, stript to her smock. O tempora! O mores!

The next Saturday fifteen of the rebel prisoners were all hanged together, out of the same tree. They were made to hang one another. I was not by, but I am informed that they died as they had fought; obstinately attached to the rebel cause! A young man belonging to one of the militia bands of music, observing the conduct of those wretches going to the place of execution, said, “for decency’s sake, for religion’s sake, and for your precious soul’s sake, reflect properly on your awful passage into eternity, and be reconciled to your Saviour.” Yet this most excellent, pithy, and timely exhortation had no other effect upon some of them but to provoke their scorn. One of them is said to have replied, “You be damned! I die in a good cause: I die fighting for my country, and shall go to heaven; and you will go to hell for fighting against it.” I am the more disposed to believe this, from reflecting on a pertinent circumstance which I forgot to relate before. About three days after the battle, I went, conducted by the officer of the main guard, to see the prisoners. I spoke to them as to men appointed to die, and exhorted them to prepare for their awful and speedily-approaching

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change

change. Upon which one of them treated me with a degree of impertinence, of the nature just now quoted. He was suddenly stopt by the centinel knocking him on the head with his piece, exclaiming, "You ungrateful rascal!"

I must now go back in my narrative to the day after the battle.

GENERAL JOHNSON, apprehensive lest any of the loyal or peaceably-disposed inhabitants of the poorer sort should starve for want of provisions, or suffer death as rebels from the fury of the soldiery, requested *Captain Tottenham* to nominate any gentleman of the town to whom the charge of these men, their support from the commissary's stores, and the distribution of their services in the garrison, might properly be committed. The Captain instantly proposed me as an eligible person, and the General as readily agreed to the proposal.

I soon found myself at the head of *seven hundred men*. I divided them into three parties,—1. The freemen, i. e. private gentlemen (mechanics already in employ) and, in short, all who could support themselves. These were only to appear occasionally on parade for muster, and from this duty I wholly excused the more respectable.—2. The first and second garrison (or working) parties. The first were to be at constant employ, as taylor, shoe-makers, butchers, and bakers; the second, which was by much the greatest in number, I appointed to bury the dead, to barricade the town, and to make passages for the cannon.—3. The invalids, or superannuated inhabitants.

I appointed a captain and two lieutenants over every fifty; but such useless beings as many of my officers and men, I never knew. In this, however, the men were partly excusable; for they were sometimes for three whole days kept without a morsel of the king's provisions; and I have observed with horror some of them writhing with the hunger!



hunger! It was in vain that I sent in my order, the commissary would issue *his* order when he pleased. I wrote to the General on the subject, and complained personally to him; and he, most condescendingly, went to the commissary himself on the subject, and charged him to *be mindful of the poor men!* It was all to no purpose. At length, when their provisions were given out, the distribution of it amongst the starving creatures was almost impracticable. I had my officers for the purpose, but they could effect little until we got a sort of a house on the quay, where the provisions were divided privately, and then distributed in messes. It sometimes happened, in the height of this employment, a number of hands were instantly called for to the works. They must go and leave their provision behind, which was soon caught up and devoured. Had all my officers done their duty, this need not be the case. I was often desired to clap some of those heedless fellows into confinement, but I considered that like the unjust steward I must soon give up my employment, and that it was not my interest to make enemies against that time; and yet I had *some* valuable officers and many such men too. After some time I got a good caterer, who served out provisions (when we could get them) satisfactorily. This useful man, whose name is *John Kehoe*, was once the means of saving a day's provisions for my men; for, an assistant-commissary having been appointed in the absence of the deputy, and my men's provisions delayed for two days, I sent in my order for the two day's provisions accordingly. This commissary put by my order, and said *he would deliver but one day's provisions.\** He then gave me an order accordingly. I mentioned this to *Kehoe*, who immediately went to the commissary, and said, "Sir, if you give us but one day's provisions, you shall not have our Major's

\* Of this treatment I do not want for witnesses: I had a crowd generally standing by.

"order to put on your boots for two days, in order to get payment for what you do not give. Here is your order back again: give us Mr. *Alexander's*, or an order agreeable to his." The assistant-commissary refused; but on being properly threatened, gave his order for two day's "*rasbens*," as he spelt the word *rations*. I am ashamed to acknowledge that I did not see through this business at first. The greatest number for which I drew provisions was 396; the number of invalids and working party was 636. No human being can conceive the labour and toil I had with those people; and yet I should love the toil for the sake of humanity and loyalty, could I but obtain their food for them as I ought: even as it was I loved the employment.

Not one of them would be suffered even to walk the streets without my permission. To write passes for all was a task so very difficult, that I drew out a general copy for each to get transcribed and signed by their officers, after which I would sign it myself. In a short time I had heavy work to read and sign these passes. Some of them were written full of blunders. One pass was truly laughable. It ran thus: "I do hereby fir to fy that the bear or A. B. has been july permitted into my Lawless Croppes,\* and therefore require that he be admitted to pass and ray pass the streets of Ross within the gates from 5 oc lock in the morning until eat in the afternoon." But as a piece of composition, the following is very curious: "I do certify that the bearer of this is *Nanny Murphy*, an honest poor wombeaman who has Six Small Childern And three of them are Idiots they are now At George Kough, Esq. At Chilcom Now Request She and they Will be permitted to Pass and Ray pass through the Streets of Ross From Day Brake till eat a Clock at Night For their Natural Support

" to

\* He meant *Loyalist Corps*. I wrote "Corps of Loyalists."

"to prevent their being Starved and the Permitted to go to  
 " Chilcom for them to Bring them home as they Have Nei-  
 " ther Father, or Mother to take care of them but her.  
 " Ross 18th June 1798.

"PATRICK MEYLER Captain.

" And Depoñent further saith nat."

No people could be more attached to me, than those over whom I was now placed. The whole party once proposed giving me THREE CHEERS, a compliment from which I could not dissuade them, until I reminded them, that it would alarm the garrison. The next day I made a general muster of the whole, in order to their being reviewed by the general. The private gentlemen and constant garrison-party I excused, and upon numbering the remainder I found they amounted to 636. On this occasion, my men passed me a compliment indeed ! I am sure not less than 500, in which were included most, or all, of my loyal Glory-men, requested me to inform the General, that *if he would but grant me a commission in the army, every one of them would enlist with me as soldiers, and accompany me in that capacity to any part of the world.* I mentioned the circumstance to an officer, who assured me, that the poor men were in such disesteem (very many of them being suspected of having fought against the king's troops on the day of battle) that their offer would most certainly be rejected, and myself regarded in a very indifferent light, if I but once attempted to forward their proposal to the general ! And yet, I verily believe, there was not one of those men who were not heartily loyal ; for, from the whole of my conduct, they could not be ignorant of my principles. For this their public and very disinterested testimony of approbation and friendship, I desire, in this publick manner, they will accept of my grateful acknowledgments.

Passing by a public house on the quay, I overheard a soldier there giving a disloyal sentiment. I stepped in and found the

the place filled with disorderly soldiers. I informed them, that it was my business to prevent such disorders, and requested them peaceably to desist. Upon this, two dragoons drew their swords and threatened to run me through the body. I withdrew, and meeting with a gentleman of the *Ross* cavalry, I observed to him, what a disorderly house that was, and requested his advice, what steps to take. "Bring the Main & Guard on them," says he. I did so, but the soldiers got off before I arrived. The landlord of this house has since been transported as a rebel. A tyrannical yeoman of whom I complained, was imprisoned for some weeks. A smart well dressed fellow applied to me for a pass, to the country; and urged such motives to my speedily granting his request, that I suspected him for a rebel; and on this suspicion delivered him up to the Main Guard. The fellow was proved to be a rebel captain, but what his fate was I know not. A fellow who escaped from the rebel camp I also delivered up: But he was in time liberated by GENERAL JOHNSON. In short, various were my employments, and exceedingly ungracious were some; and others very laborious.

On Tuesday, the eighteenth of this month, early in the morning, GENERAL JOHNSON, with the whole of the *Ross* Garrison, marched against VINEGAR HILL, &c. On this occasion I was ordered to procure 126 men to attend the army with spades, pick-axes, and other implements, to make way for the cannon, and in short, to act as pioneers. I obeyed my orders punctually, and appointed Mr. WILLIAM SMITHSON of this town, a most valuable and truly loyal man, to the command. He having been formerly a *Quaker*, and his prejudice against this employment being now vanished away, that honesty and even courageous firmness, for which that peaceable and very amiable people have ever been remarkable, remained untainted. The reader must excuse this just effusion of gratitude to one of those men, to whom he  
and

and every loyalist is in some degree indebted. I shall be glad to see his name in print. Next to him was Mr. JOHN DALTON, now of the Rofs cavalry; a valuable man also; and I am proud to add our great GENERAL's approbation of their conduct.

The day after the flight of the rebels from *Lacking-hill*, a gentleman of the *Rofs* infantry passed a very unwarrantable jest on me. He told me that the military brought some cars and kishes on *Lacking-hill* for the purpose of carrying pikes and pike-heads to Rofs; and that a party of my men would be wanting to gather them. "But" continued he "you must accompany them yourself, or they will be shot from the hill by the military, before they arrive." "And surely" said I "the military would make no distinction between them and me, seeing I wear coloured clothes."—"Our cavalry" says he "will soon overtake and escort you in safety." Believing the man to be in earnest, I took about 100 men with me, and set forward. On the way I met with some soldiers, to whom I was obliged to shew my general orders, as temporary commander of those men. "It is well you have that paper to shew" said they "or the devil a one of you but we should attack and massacre on the spot!" Coming near the hill, I observed a party of the military on the side of it make a sudden stand and turn about to prime and load. "Ah!" says one of my loyalists "see there are our yeomen beckoning to us to come on." But I plainly observed the glittering of the ramrods, and speedily retreated with my men, taking the advantage of a curve in the road. As we were informed by a horseman who overtook us on our return home it was well we did so; for that my conjectures were perfectly right. A little below this place of our retreat, was a snug cabin to our left hand, in a beautiful spot a few yards from the road. One of my loyalists informed me, that *there was an old woman lying dead in this house.*

He

He said, that her husband, a very old and inoffensive man, had lately been carried prisoner to Ross, on suspicion of his having fired at a party of *Hessians* that passed by; and that this old man said that his wife was so shocked at the matter, that she dropt down dead on the spot. The truth seems to be, that a shot was fired across this recess at one of General HOMPESCH's *Dragoon Riflemen*, improperly called *Hessians*. Upon searching the place, they found no body but this old man and woman, who were sitting in their cabin. The man they carried prisoner to Ross, and the woman they murdered. This is ~~my~~ supposition.

I went into the cabin, followed by my men, and there I saw (shocking to relate!) a poor old woman lying on her side, her throat cut in a terrible manner, and a handkerchief tied across her mouth to stifle her cries, while the assassin was deliberately butchering the poor helpless creature. Her cloaths were partly burned with a wisp of straw which was set on fire over the body. There lay in the house, a large heap of potatoes, a spinning-wheel and other cabin furniture, besides a pair of new brogues and a spade. My men would have buried her; but I dissuaded them from it; alledging, that if we were overheard by passing soldiers and discovered at that work, we might be shot as murderers, without being suffered to speak for ourselves; the latter of which circumstances was probably the case with the poor creature before us. I reminded them, with what apparent glee the centinels of the Ross garrison used to level their pieces at them, as they passed by, when carrying forward Captain BLOOMFIELD's works, and of many other such things. My word was at all times sufficient with them; but my reasons now struck them so forcibly, that they hastened out on the road, justly observing, that *that* was the safest place for *them*.

My

My *Vinegar-hill* loyalists returned to *Rags* in about a fortnight after this. On the morning of that day, I set out with a small party of my men towards CORBET-HILL, to look for dead bodies and bury them. We found but two. One was lying in a ditch in a field and another we found buried up to the chin, about one quarter of a mile or more from CORBET-HILL house. A magpie was rapping with his beak at the bare skull. It was completely stripped, and even the tongue picked out. The bone was of claret-colour. Those bodies I had covered up immediately.

All the way we could not perceive a single human being but ourselves! I mounted ditches and other eminences; but not one, nor even a beast, could we see! The very birds sat pensive and silent on the bushes! They had no one but themselves to sing to!—No one in any of the cabins.

I desired the men to stand still and be quite silent: for some time they obeyed.—I cannot describe the sensations I felt from this solemn stillness! I felt with the poet who said,

“ Creation sleeps!—’Tis as the general pulse

“ Of life stood still, and nature made a pause!”—

One of the men coughed. Ungracious sound! “pray be silent!”—“Arragh! *Major*, for God’s sake”—“My good friend, be silent! You have on most occasions followed my commands, readily and punctually; only obey me—bear with me this once.” “Why then indeed *Major*”—“Hold your tongue, I say!”—“Can’t you be quiet” says another “*when*”—A stamp of my foot put an end to this.

“Surely” said I in my own mind “there is something inexpressibly and fascinatingly solemn in silence.” Our venerable friends, the people called *Quakers*, enjoy this: Surely this is worship! this is opening, it is *expanding* the soul to God, who, in a season like this, warms it to receive the most pure and extatic impressions from above!

O

“Hail,

- " Hail precious moments ! Stolen from the black waste  
 " Of murdered time ! Auspicious silence ! hail !  
 " The world excluded, every passion hush'd,  
 " And opened a calm intercourse with heaven.  
 " Here the soul sits in council, ponders past,  
 " Predestines future actions ; sees, *not feels*,  
 " Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm ;  
 " All her lies answers, and thinks down her charms."

All this time the men regarded me with looks of curiosity and impatience. I grew displeased, though I saw no just reason for anger. I wished the rogues back again in *Rest*. Thus, my mind being inwardly disturbed, was become disqualified to enjoy the *external* silence in which I wished my soul to bask, and my thoughts to expatiate. So we went on. But I have got on too soon with this part of my narrative.

We found, almost all the way, old tattered garments and wretched brogues, which the fugitives threw away in their flight. There were many broken bottles also ; some stained with wine, and some contained a little whiskey diluted with rain. I have been since shewn a road on the way, about half a mile from *Roß*, leading to *Tintern*, one ditch of which, for a great way, the rebels had lined with hogheads, barrels, and rundlets of wine, malt, and spirituous liquors ; to which some had access during the battle. An indulgence which the poor soldiers much wanted !

I ordered my men to search the pocket of every garment they found, and to give me any papers which they might find therein. They began to do so ; and the following was, amongst others, put into my hand.

" Permit Thomas Mirane, John Rachford, and Richard  
 " Williams, to keep watch on the rock of Boley from nine  
 " o'clock at night until three o'clock in the morning.

" John Coleclough.

" Tintern Abbey, 29 May, 1798."

I read



I read this paper out, and one of my men exclaimed, "Ah! *Major!* ah! sure you would not shew that to any body: now do tear it." "No, I won't, you *croppy!* I will put it into the hands of Captain *Tottenham*, if it were my own brother that wrote it." And so I did.

When we came to *Corbet-hill*, I entered the mansion-house of Captain *Corbet*, on the top. It had been occupied by *General Harvey*, and other of the rebel officers; and I must do their ruffianly attendants this justice to observe, that no injury that I could perceive was done the house, excepting the floor of one parlour, where some of the wounded rolled and tumbled, covering themselves with the carpet; but the blood soaked through and through. By *General Harvey's* desire, they had cut off the heads of the fire-irons for bullets. In one recess of the improvements, I saw two coats glued together by the ends half way with blood, and so thoroughly impregnated were they with this consolidated gore, that they might be made to stand on end, like a new tarpaulin. All about the place were great numbers of unbroken bottles, mostly emptied of their contents. The house-steward told me, that the rebels brought large creels and hampers of wines, malt, and spirituous liquors, of the first quality, besides provisions in great abundance.

From *Corbet-hill* we went into another part of the country, in order to come home another way. Here I went into a cabin, where was a poor terrified woman, who, I am since told, concealed her husband, lest I should press him into the rebel service. I asked her for a drink of water. She gazed at me, first with apprehension, then with veneration; and at length exclaimed, with affectionate pathos, "*A flôr ma chree!*" you shall have milk, if your reverence will "wait until I get it from the cow." I did delay a little time, for I was very thirsty. The good woman went for a vessel. "I have not seen," says she, "the face of any mortal

mortal these three weeks." She soon came to me with the milk, which she presented on her knees. I saw now that she took me for a priest. I lifted her up, took the milk and drank heartily. I then gave her my blessing, from a heart dissolved with the tenderness of gratitude and esteem. The *Pope* could do no more; and I hope that that *Being* who enkindled those sensations visited the poor old woman with an answer to the prayer which they produced. I did not think it proper to tell her I was no priest.

On my way home I met with my *Vinegar-hill* loyalists, who received me with loud huzzas. They were accompanied by a party of the military, and two commissioned officers, who informed me, by the General's desire, that my men, for the most part, behaved very well; and that honest *Smithson* conducted himself with the greatest and most undeviating propriety. Captain *Dalton* also was very serviceable. My deputy-major would not give so good an account of *all* the men. Some of them he believed to be disaffected knaves; though the number were exceeding few. For my part I must say, of the whole body in general, that they were the most gratefully affectionate of men I ever knew; though many of them were shameful skulkers; but this might be very naturally imputed to their starved condition. I found but one rebel amongst them, and I gave him up to justice.

During the absence of the General from Ross, we had the first and Coldstream regiments of the King's Guards, *Dunbarton Fencibles*, *Loyal Cheshire Fencibles*, and the *Lancashire Militia*. The Colonels of the Guards kept the most peaceable order in the garrison, and the generality of the non-commissioned officers and privates were spirited fellows. I shall relate a curious anecdote of one of them. Corporal *Morgan*, of the first regiment, observing a country protested rebel, whose house was burned for his crime, drop down at the word of command upon his knees to the gentleman

tleman who had burned his house; ran hastily to the fellow and lifted him off his knees, exclaiming, "Get up, you mean-spirited boor! and do not prostrate yourself to any being but your God. Surely you do not mistake *this man* for *that* Being." "Sir," replied the gentleman, "he shall go on his knees to me, as he ought." "No, Sir," returned the corporal, "he shall not; at least in my presence, and while I have the honour of being in the King's Guards. We give the King but one knee; and that the left, reserving the right knee, as well as the honour of both, for God; and I tell you to your fiery phiz, (whether you believe me or not) that you are neither a god nor a king, nor shall you receive the honour of either." This was a young man of good education, and in the same Latin class with me at the late Rev. Mr. WESLEY's academy at *King'swood*, near *Bristol*. He was the son of an eminent *Methodist* preacher. Colonel *Courtenay*, of the *Cheshire Fencibles*, mingled humanity with discipline. By my desire, he meliorated the situation of the prisoners, and ordered provisions from the commissary's stores for the wives of absent soldiers. I am under great obligations to this commanding officer, as also to the Colonels of the Guards, for their kind partiality. They, as well as *General Johnson*, never refused my application, in behalf of any prisoners, but once; many were, on my report, speedily examined and liberated. I have been censured for this by some whom I have also been the means of liberating, more from partiality to the uniformity of their clothes than that of their actions, with those of certain respectable loyalists. Is loyalty indissolubly connected with inhumanity?

Never did I know a regiment more beloved, or more worthy of being so, than the *Lancashire* militia. One of them declared to me, as they were going to leave town, that the family on which he was billeted and he parted with tears!

tears! This, in *Ross*, was a miracle; and it will appear the greater when it is considered, that those soldiers remained here but for four days. Such a set of strong well-made fellows, I never saw. Next to these, the *Dunbarton Fencibles* were most esteemed.

About the fifth of July the rebels began to come to this town for protection. They were conducted by the Rev. Mr. James Doyle, parish priest of Whitchurch, about five miles from *Ross*. He had himself been lately tried as a rebel, having been actually discovered at the rebel camp.—In his defence, he produced a threatening letter addressed to him from the celebrated rebel-priest *Ruash*, who, in return for a loyal answer to a former invitation, threatened to burn Mr. Doyle and his house if he did not comply. In consequence of this, Mr. Doyle was acquitted.

From this day to the fifteenth I made a practice of going about a mile out of town to meet the rebels coming in, and to enquire into the nature of those complaints or motives which induced them to rebel against a government, which for some had been granting them such privileges and immunities as they never before enjoyed since the just forfeiture of a tyrannic constitution; for that noble one which we now enjoy. I informed them how highly it behoved our government to lay on their rebellious and tyrannically-disposed forefathers those restraints, which it was of late years taking off at the request of their very partial friends and advocates, of whom many were Protestants in eminent ranks of life. Amongst the foremost of these I ranked Lord *Mounjoy* and Lord *O'Neil*; both of whom found it their interest afterwards to place themselves amongst the foremost and most determined of their opposers. “For, in the blackest sense of the word,” continued I, “I cannot call such truly great men your enemies. And now what language has your conduct put into the mouths of your real and unconditional  
“enemies?”

"enemies? Men who cannot with truth or consistency call  
 "themselves *Protestants* in the *noblest* sense of the word.—  
 "They will naturally say, 'first those miscreants began their  
 "addresses for what they impertinently call 'Catholic  
 "emancipation,'\* with humble *entreaty*; then they proceeded  
 "to *request*; next, to *demand*; at length, to *threats*; and  
 "finally, to the perpetration of *crimes* still more horrid  
 "than even those *menaces*, however diabolical, seemed to  
 "indicate!' Now I ask, what have your best friends to say  
 "to all this?" I accommodated my language to their humble  
 information. They complained of *oppressions* of various  
 kinds, chiefly enumerated in my letter "To all whom it  
 may concern." Hib. Mag. Nov. 1798, page 794, right-  
 hand column. They also complained very bitterly, in cir-  
 cumstantial details which I cannot now recollect, of their  
*oppression* through the *tyranny* of a certain eminent loyalist.  
 "Will you justify those complaints, by plain proofs, if I  
 "get that man brought to justice for you, afterwards; and  
 "that at my own expence?" "We will, sir: never you  
 "fear that." "Well then," said I, "you will see in one  
 "of the *Hibernian Magazines* a letter with my name signed  
 "to it in full length, and calling upon *you* for this business,  
 "as soon as you please. Then do you but bring in your  
 "proofs, and I will stake my *life* for the consequences."—  
 How well I fulfilled my word to those inexcusable villains,  
 (whom I addressed personally by hundreds) may be seen in  
 the letter alluded to. None of them brought in a single  
 charge against this gentleman, though the motives and  
 means were so plainly laid before them, and my *life and cha-*  
*ra**cter* staked for the salutary effects; therefore the fiery or-  
 deal of their vile censure has only served to purify this loyal  
 gentleman's character from the villainy of *their* black as-  
 persions.

About

\* From *mancipium*, "a slave!"

About this month, and, if I remember right, the three foregoing, many were the addressees and other testimonies of public regard from loyalists of various counties to their great champion and deliverer. Why these testimonies were not more early, is to me perfectly accountable. His *superlative* value and merit, in *every* point of view, seems not to have been fully considered at first. The hasty news of the day, framed only (and that in a very general manner too) from *his* exceedingly modest report, wherein very many important particulars then necessary to the establishment of his uncommon fame, are totally omitted, seemed calculated to treat "of the battle of Ross" as an *affair* which might be *comparatively* estimated with most of the other very important conquests obtained in any distinguished manner in the same cause; and so to consign our *incomparable* victor to a rank with the other justly-esteemed heroes!—*at their head* indeed, but far below that place which he now holds in the public estimation!! The mouths of *rebels*, as well as of *loyalists*, soon proclaimed his real worth, and has now most effectually established it. On paying my subscription towards the sword presented to our General by the inhabitants of this town, a gentleman very justly observed, that "*of all the inhabitants there was not one under more peculiar obligations than myself;*" "and yet," continued he, "where is the Irish loyalist who is not under *peculiar* obligations to *General Johnson*?"—Upon this, a thought darted into my head like lightning. I had by me a gold ring, in which was set a ruby of uncommon size on a topaz foil, which I obtained in the West Indies last war considerably cheap. This I sent to my invaluable friend, together with the following letter, which I insert not merely as being expressive of my very great obligations, which from the course of this narrative are very apparent, but for the sake of introducing his extremely polite answer, the sentiments of which, if addressed to a whole county from

from such an eminent character, would be sufficient to convey to the breast of every loyal individual the most grateful sensations.

“ To Major-General\* JOHNSON, Waterford.

*Rosk, May 22, 1799.*

SIR,

“ While whole counties are manifesting some portion of that gratitude to you, in which this kingdom at large, but more especially the South, is deeply indebted, and which thousands more daily acknowledge, suffer an humble individual to step forward, and, in his own behalf, present you with a *small token* of his gratitude for your kind preservation of his life on the eve of the memorable *fifth of June*; at a time, when every minute you spent in that very humane office, was fraught with unknown importance to the momentous affairs of the ensuing day!

Such is my honest pride and gratitude at this moment, that I think it impossible I should ever forget how I have been honoured, and my life preserved, by the humane condescension of *the great General Johnson*, in personally escorting me considerably upwards of one quarter of a mile, from the peril of a justly-enraged soldiery, who, at that awful juncture, were expressly determined not to discriminate between friend and enemy otherwise than from the colour of the coat; and his then sending me, under the care of a party of his own troops, to my very place of abode.

Accept, illustrious General, and friend of Ireland, who are not more justly celebrated for your military skill and gallantry, than for your humanity; deign to accept the *ring* I now send you (however inadequate the present) as an emblem

P

blem

\* New Lieutenant-General.

blem of that grateful esteem by which you are bound, not more to the heart of every loyal subject, than to that of,

Sir,

Your unspeakably obliged,

Ever grateful, and

Most humble servant,

JAMES ALEXANDER,

Late temporary *Major* of the *Ross Unarmed Loyalists*.

### POSTSCRIPT.

I have now the humiliating task to acknowledge, that I have been very remiss in neglecting to communicate to you some intimations of reiterated effusions of gratitude from the late unarmed *Ross Loyalists*, especially those lately joined to our corps of yeomanry; men whose misfortunes in life, since the rebellion, have been almost *fully* the effects of their loyal attachment to the constitution of their country.—These, more especially, have, oftener than once or twice, during my command over them, requested that I should make known to you their very deep and grateful sense of your prudence and humanity, in causing them to be assembled for protection and maintenance, and their labours to be distributed in the garrison; by which means the more loyal were afforded a desirable opportunity of displaying the reality of their professions.

What a destruction we should have had, both by sword and famine, amongst those six hundred and thirty-six men,\* were it not for this your timely, prudent, and humane interference and discrimination!

Never was I engaged in a trust of greater difficulty; nor never was such a difficulty more endeared to my heart, through the remembrance of the protection which I myself had so recently experienced!

\* "Six hundred and thirty-six," i. e. exclusive of men of property and the constant garrison party. All together made upwards of 700 men.—But this is a retrograde account.

The



The General's answer was as follows :

*"Waterford, 22d May, 1799.*

"SIR,

"I am honoured by your letter, accompanied with a very handsome *ring* ; a mark of individual approbation exceedingly gratifying to my feelings !

To protect his Majesty's loyal subjects is my duty as an officer ; but to have been conducive to the preservation of one, so strongly marked by a general course of loyalty and zeal as You have proved yourself, gives me a pleasure in reflecting on, which surpasses the power of my pen.

You will oblige me by returning my acknowledgments to the persons who have been pleased to express their polite opinion of my conduct, as mentioned in your postscript in language which speaks the abilities of the writer.

Believe me, with great truth,

Your obliged humble servant,

HENRY JOHNSON, Major-General."

*James Alexander, Esq. New Refs.*

Some time this month one *Lacey*, of *Kil-Anne*, was tried, and condemned to be hanged in his own neighbourhood, and then to have his head cut off, and exposed on a spike fixed for that purpose on one of the battlements of the Court-house of this town, and there to remain. This was for imprisoning a *Protestant* young woman for some time during the rebellion at *Kil-Anne*, and declaring his intention was to burn her to death in the parish-church, and thus "to make an *Orange-pye* of her," as he termed it ; for which purpose he had actually collected some faggots. He was escorted from the Court-house to the place of execution

by a strong guard. I accompanied the guard part of the way, with an intention of going all the way to see the execution; but really such was the barbarous and inhuman conversation of two of the soldiers, who walked next the cart on which the wretch was tied, that I felt my whole soul overwhelmed with indignation; inasmuch, that by the time we advanced as far as Boreen-a-flaun I turned into that lane, and after having diverted my chagrin, by a little humorous chat with an old woman and a young girl, I returned home. "Orange pye!" exclaimed one of the guard, "ha-ha-ha!" "I believe these fellows thought that this *is* King James's times; but we will let them know that *it* is King George's times." "The Papist thieves!" exclaims another, "I believe a little stretching will be good for them." "I believe," said the former, "they would strive to persuade us (if they could) that there was no such thing as a battle at Ross, or a house burned there. Ah! ha-ha-ha!"—This laugh was joined by another, "Ah! ha-ha-ha!" that "is mere *lol-lol!* all in my eye, says Larry! Humph!" And thus they went on.

Though it is impossible I should consider these witty remarks as unprovoked, yet surely to bandy them, and that too with such gleeful merriment in the ears of a wretched culprit, whose immortal spirit was going to be sent into the presence of an offended God, is unbecoming the Christian character. I wish any of those men who shall read this anecdote, to reflect, that one of their merry companions is now in eternity; and let any one of them ask his own soul, what answer, in defence of such treatment of a fellow-sinner so circumstanced, does he think that man can make to that awful Being, whose wisdom is not to be baffled by our pitiful arguments or subterfuges, and "in whose sight shall *no man living* be justified?" What though the horrid culprit has become, agreeably to the most enlightened views, not only of justice, but of real mercy, "a forfeit of the law."

— Alas!

"——— Alas ! alas !

" Why, all the souls that are were forfeit one,

" And he, that might the advantage best have took

" Found out the remedy. How would you be,

" If he who is the top of judgment, should

" But judge you as you are ? Oh ! think on that ;

" And mercy then will breathe within your lips,

" Like man new made."——

Since the month of July, 1798, I have conversed with some hundreds of rebels, and travelled much for the purpose of knowing their sentiments and designs ; trusting for my safety (under Providence) to the well-known circumstance of my having been entrusted to the guardianship and command of a regiment of persons of their own garb ; towards whom I acquitted myself with becoming humanity and attention. In my hopes I was far from finding any mistake, until my third circuit ; when, coming amongst the banditti at *Kil-Aughrim-wood*, I was well nigh being murdered ! I was forced to undergo many stages of horror, " to try my courage," as they afterwards expressed themselves. But in all my conversations, even with those who seemed to regard me with something like confidence, I do not remember to have heard a single man, except a prisoner, and even that rarely, express the smallest degree of *true* penitential remorse for their late villainies. Indeed some of the better informed amongst them have spoken of the *Scol-labogue*, *Wexford-bridge*, and *Vinegar-hill* massacres, as " a very foolish piece of business ;" and of the people who were engaged in it, as " as a pack of *filly* blockheads that ought " to have known better. And yet it was hard to know," continued they, " what to do with such a hell-fire set of " *Orange-men*, who, if we did let them loose one minute, " would run and betray us the next." How naturally does vice beget vice ! When once the spirit of Satan has found a degree of unrestrained influence in the heart of any man, there

there is no knowing to what extravagant lengths it will lead him. Perhaps nothing but the death of the delinquent can stop his career this side of the infernal regions! If so, the law, as well as the person by which that career is stopt, is not only merciful to civilized society, by ridding it of such a pest, but to the victim also, by preventing him from enhancing a stock of appropriate misery for his wretched soul to grapple with through the countless ages of eternity! In Kil-Aughrim-wood I heard an observation made, by one of the rebels, which is exceedingly well worth recording, as it seems to be the prevailing sentiment amongst some of them *to this day*. Oh! may government ponder the words, though recorded by an obscure individual, derive some useful hints from the consideration, and deal wisely with the implacable enemies of its constitution! "Bad luck to the French!" said one "I believe they wanted to make tools of us, to work a way for themselves. When they went about a revolution for themselves, it was not in time of war, when there were soldiers in the land to put a stop to them. No, no! but in time of *peace* with all the world; when ten thousand pounds could not purchase a drummer to beat up for a single recruit to oppose the friends to liberty and of the rights of man. But we will have a bout for this *when war is fast asleep*:"

"The Protestant boys may gain the day;

"But the Protestant boys shall lose the night."

These observations, I have been since told, were then common amongst the rebels, and I believe are as fully expressive of the true nature of *their* penitence as any that shall come to our ears until the next desperate attempt; which God of his infinite mercy forefend! I shall endeavour to illustrate what I have now written, by a curious and amusing anecdote.

I am

\* Rebel song.

I am aware that some readers of this anecdote will be disposed to censure me for inserting it, however true. "It is a foul bird," they may observe, "that defiles its own nest." True; but there is some difference between the "*foul* bird that defiles its own nest," and the *clean* bird which screams out at any filth it finds there. I hope to leave no reader any room to suspect me of partiality to ~~any~~ thing in this narrative but to loyalty, justice, mercy, and truth; nor do I think the possession of any one of those virtues sufficient apology for the professed want of any one of the three rest. On the approach of the holiday called *Holy Thursday*, a gentleman, who was then erecting a quay, and large, convenient, and very extensive concerns on the Rosbercon-strand, and being apprehensive lest the works should be inundated by the overflowing of an extraordinary tide, hurried on the business very rapidly to get out of its reach. On this occasion he requested the workmen to consider the critical situation of the works, and not to desist from business on the approaching holiday, justly alledging, that it would be a much greater sin to suffer such expensive labours to be so damaged, than to work on such a day. His very moderate request and self-evident argument were of no avail. They would keep holiday. "The *clergy*, my dear, would not suffer us to break Holy Thursday." They kept to their *pious* resolution, and (as Providence would have it) the works received no damage. On the approach of the fifth of June (the Ross holiday, or anniversary of the battle) this gentleman observed to his workmen, many of whom had been rebels, "I suppose, my lads, that on the approach of our great holiday, you will not work." "Mushin faith we will, *sur*, as hard as on any other day; and why not? we would not disoblige your honour for the matter of that; we will work like"——"No, you croppy rascals! you shall not work for *me* on that day; you would not labour for me on Holy Thursday,

Thursday, to carry on the works out of danger ; and you shall not labour here on the fifth of June, now that they are so. If there is any sanctity in idleness, let us have it on that day by all means." " Oh ! in troth, fur, it would be a *thousand murders* to neglect the work *on the fifth of June.*" " It was more than *ten thousand* murders for you to neglect your honest callings on that day twelvemonth ; aye, more than two thousand in the streets of Ross, to say nothing of Scollabogue, and I do not find that it affects your pious consciences !" " *The clargy, my dear, would not suffer us !*" " Don't tell me of your *clargy.*"

Our holiday being come, it was kept with proper festivity. In the morning, however, an awful sacrifice was made !—*Thomas Power*, aged 50, for the wilful and deliberate murder of an old Protestant, was hanged and beheaded at *Rosbercon*, and his head exposed on the battlements of the Court-house. Never did I behold any execution conducted and performed with greater decorum and propriety. A solemn and very becoming seriousness sat on every countenance, and that uniformly to the end. The culprit made no confession of his accomplices. It is amazing how uniformly persevering the rebels are in this particular ! Neither threats nor promises can extort from one of them a discovery of their partners in iniquity. This poor wretch, after having repeated his devotions after the priest very distinctly, was launched into eternity.

This day the loyalists had an elegant subscription-feast. Many loyal songs were sung, and toasts and sentiments drank, in which our *hero* of the day was often mentioned. The day was concluded with bon-fires, illuminations, and fireworks. Every loyalist wore a ribbon, on which was printed with gold leaf an equestrian figure of our gallant General, and a motto expressive of their gratitude and loyalty.

Just

Just before the dinner was laid on the table, I publicly called on the loyal and zealous magistrate, who had, on the third of June, 1798, through mistake, challenged me as a rebel before the Antrim militia. "Mr. L." said I, as distinctly as I could speak, "as far as may be consistent with the honour of a gentleman, who considers himself the first offended, and without making any apology for the smallest circumstance of my past conduct towards you, I desire to be reconciled to you." He immediately rose from his seat, and, in the most respectful and gentleman-like manner, said, *he was proud to accept of terms of reconciliation with one whom he so much esteemed!* He then filled a glass of wine, and very politely drank my health. I returned the compliment; we shook hands, and thus all our animosity ended.

I have a debt of honour to pay this gentleman, in an acknowledgment which I shall now make. I have been told, on respectable authority, that he repeatedly said, in several companies where our *fracas* was mentioned, "I respect Alexander very highly: I am sorry we have fallen out; and I shall never rest until we are friends." He also, without any solicitation on my part, interested himself in my behalf in an affair which he thought would be to me of great service. By such persevering, gentleman-like, and Christian conduct, has this gentleman shamed me out of my animosity towards him. Having acknowledged thus much, I believe I may mention the gentleman's name—STANDISH LOWCAY, Esq.

The readers of this letter, who may be apt to find fault with its dwindling into a string of anecdotes, ought to forgive me, when they reflect that by every anecdote I only exceed my engagement. I gave a circumstantial detail of the most important particulars of the rebellion, and that in *exact order*; and, I have given such an exact description of the battle, that it is impossible any other man could give one more so,

Q

who

who had not taken the very same pains to collect the account: therefore I think every exuberance or superfluity of anecdotes may be forgiven. If I hear or read any severity of criticism on what I have written with such exceeding haste, I shall never trouble the world any further on the subject: but if otherwise, I have a further interesting detail to communicate. It is concerning the *state* of the country since the rebellion. My knowledge of this I have also bought very dear, at the hazard of my life! then surely it is worth thanks.

I am your friend and brother,

JAMES ALEXANDER.

SUPPLEMENTARY



## SUPPLEMENTARY POSTSCRIPT.

ALL history is only a series of anecdotes recorded in a dignified style and partly connected and illustrated by comments. From the writer who is limited to a certain very short time for drawing up a minute account, scarcely connection of any kind can be hoped for. I however commit even my unconnected anecdotes of the rebellion to paper, in hopes of one day drawing up the whole in a style that may merit the name of *History*. The following particulars, together with several others which I hope yet to incorporate with the general narrative, I forget to introduce in their proper places.

*Before the battle*, when a rebel prisoner in a military garb happened to be carried to the fort of Duncannon, the guards at the entrance despoiled his dress as much as possible of the appearance of uniform.

Early on the morning of the battle, Mr. BARTHOLOMEW CLIFFE, an eminent attorney of this town, and Mr. RICHARD ELLIOT, a gentleman of the same profession, fled for safety to the Rows, where lived some of Mr. ELLIOT's tenants, dependants and family followers to whom he had been a cordial friend. The character of Mr. CLIFFE amongst them, not only as a just but as a good man, seemed to be held in the highest estimation. With those people, therefore, they thought they should most certainly be safe, even though they should all prove to be rebels. To them, therefore, in this day of extremity they entrusted their safety, and that of another gentleman who joined them towards the end of their journey, pleasing himself with the hopes of safety through their influence. But alas! how vain were these hopes! They were all three murdered by those very persons, from whose grateful exertions they hoped for protection. When Mr. ELLIOT was going to be put to death, he said to his foster-brother,

one *Edward Kavanagh*, who was standing by. "Ah! *Neddy*! can you without concern see your poor *Dickey* murdered? he who always loved you, and whom you always professed 'dearly to love!' To this moving interrogatory the other answered "No: I will not *see* you murdered; for I shall turn 'my back until the job is done.'" And so he did. It is necessary to observe here, that, when any loyalist was about to be thus tamely murdered, unless he were an approver, any rebel present who might wish to save him, needed only to say "I know that man" and the intended victim was immediately set free. Thus, the late Mr. ALLEN Cox of Wexford, when about to be murdered on the bridge there, and finding no body that would *profess* to know him, he looked wistfully and anxiously at a little servant boy of his, who happened to be present—"Jacky" says he "sure you know me; dont you?" "No" answered the hard-hearted young rascal "I dont know you at all. You gave me a good beating once, and you shall be piked to death for it now." It would occupy much room to relate fully, the various instances of friendship and affectionate condescension with which KAVANAGH was perpetually honoured by Mr. ELLIOT. Mr. CLIFFE was lame; and therefore not able to take any part in the battle of the day, had he been so disposed. He was a gentleman of birth, fortune, and professional talents; and equally, or still *more* eminent for his many virtues; virtues which equally endeared him to rich and poor! inasmuch that it is still a matter of admiration, how he could have an enemy, even amongst the most profligate and abandoned of those who had the remotest knowledge of the very out-lines of his character!

The accounts given by the inhabitants of their respective perils and sufferings during the battle, would of themselves exceed the length of my narrative. I shall however relate one.

About

About half past eight o'clock, on the day of battle, some of the rebels entered the house of Mr. Roache, Tanner and Shoe-maker in the Priory-street. Observing his son, a smart, likely young man of about twenty-five years of age, they were going to put him to death ; but upon further consideration desisted from their bloody purpose. Some short time after this, *James Hey* of the Horse Artillery, who was billeted at this house, being shot through the right leg, was carried thither and taken great care of. His boot was cut off and his leg dressed : he was then stript ; his cloaths, arms, and accoutrements concealed and himself conveyed into bed. He had not been long there and every appearance of blood cleaned away, when the rebels returned and began to search for arms. Coming to the bed where the poor soldier lay, they stript up the bed-cloaths, and probably observing the poor man's pale countenance, the colour of which the appearance of such *doctors* was not likely to improve, except into more ghastliness, one of them shaking his head said, " That " is a sick man : it is easy to see that." Meeting with Mr. Roache's mother, a woman of about *ninety* years of age, one of them interrogated her in their rebel cant, asking her if *she were up, &c.* But her answers satisfying them that she was not in their secret, they cruelly piked the poor helpless woman in various parts of the body, though not mortally, and then took away young Roache her grandson. They did not put *him* to death as they did a poor feeble gouty *Protestant* whom they took away in like manner, but after the battle, hurried him off with them to CORBET-HILL. He however deserted from them that very night, got lodgings in the *Irish-town*, and the next morning sent to the next picquet to take him prisoner. He was taken accordingly ; but through the interference of a Lieutenant Draw and some other officers, he was set at liberty.

In

"In the battle of the PRIORY-STREET there was a private of the DONEGAL who fought with great bravery; and in the intervals of priming and loading, he prayed out aloud, calling upon God to crown his loyal endeavours with success, and to be merciful to his soul, if it were his good pleasure that he should fall. Whether this were my Donegal man or not I cannot tell.

There is in the Kofs infantry an old foldier, JOHN HANNA, aged 68. While the battle was going on at the eastern wall, he, being stationed with the rest of the corps on the bridge, he discovered the utmost eagerness to begin. At the report of the cannon his martial countenance brightened, and he would exclaim, "Now the enemy are falling!" But upon seeing a party of the king's troops on the retreat, he appeared like one distracted; and no sooner did they approach the bridge, than the brave veteran, with his fire-lock attempted to stop them. Finding it in vain, he with tears in his eyes, entreated them not to turn their backs thus upon such an execrable murderous enemy! They all passed by, however, excepting a strong well-made serjeant, whom the old man held fast; and was the veneration of this fugitive for the zealous old foldier, that he preferred expostulation to struggling. "My brave, loyal, worthy old fellow!" says the serjeant "what execution can I possibly do with this tialbert?" "What would a rebel do with his pike?" says HANNA; "Go back; go back, and put it into some of their guts!"—"Confound me but I will, my old cock! or fall myself" says the serjeant; and so returned, leaving the old man to harangue the rest, who by this time had arranged themselves on the other side of the river.

Towards the close of the battle, Counsellor Foot of Duk-  
 not being in military uniform, nor willing to stay within doors while there remained any probability of his being of the least service otherwise, kept company with our yeomanry on the bridge. Observing a rebel at some distance with a case of

of pistols, one in each hand, he, though unarmed, got up to the fellow with great address, seized him by surprise, and wrested both pistols out of his hands. But here the Counsellor's humanity went too far; for he let the villain go. Had I been in Mr. FOOT's case, I should have shot the rebel dead on the spot. "Take your life and mend it" sounds very well from the victor in the tragedy of *Cymbeline*, even though addressed to an infamous scoundrel; but to a rebel of the class that we had to deal with, and during a battle with them too, mercy could be granted only at a much greater hazard than the man's life, even *mended*, would be worth. Mr. FOOT's humanity, however, as well as his great courage and presence of mind, does him honour. The rebel declared, that he found the pistols in the road or street; and it is probable he did; for I am since told by Mr. M<sup>c</sup> CORMICK that they belonged to "the Knight of the saddle-bags," to whom they were after the battle, restored by Mr. FOOT. It was observed on this occasion, that Mr. FOOT *should not have given arms to a man who stood much more in need of legs!*

A considerable number of dead carcases, both of rebels and beasts were thrown into the river; but the far greater part of them were buried at the town wall, and though several cart-loads of roach lime were thrown in upon them, such a noisome stench began to exhale from them in a few days, that we were apprehensive lest a plague should prove the consequence. The day I went to CORBET-HILL "and quaffed the fresh untainted air" the contrast was so strikingly perceptible that I was almost as much afraid of immediately returning into town, as I should have been of taking a walk through SUTTON'S-PARISH about a week or fortnight before the battle.

As soon as the insurgents began to enter the town, several inhabitants from about the eastern wall, whose houses had on the last Patrick's day been searched in vain for pikes, now appeared

peared with formidable pikes ready mounted, and joined the rebel mob in the conflagration and battle. That they were prepared for this visit appeared evident from the following circumstance: On the day after the battle upon searching the deserted houses, I found uniformly a small flag just by each hearth, removed; and, from an impression made in the clay under one, I could not doubt but a pike-head was there concealed; Also, upon a sort of loft in two houses, I observed several sticks that might answer for pike-handles. There were also in every one of those houses, great trenches like graves, which were newly dug. What the contents were, I know not. But even this may perhaps be conjectured from the circumstance of an oak chest being found buried in one of them almost up to the lid. This chest being dug out by one of my loyalists and a soldier, another chest was found under it containing wearables and money.

A few days after the battle, General EUSTACE with Mr. M'CORMICK, and a party of the military marched towards GREAGUE, for the purpose of blasting the bridge with gunpowder. The pass was a very important one for the enemy; and the business was effected under the direction of Mr. M'CORMICK very handsomely.

Since the battle, many of the rebels, especially in that neighbourhood, seem to have marked this valuable friend of ours for vengeance; for, about two months afterwards, he having occasion to go that way on private business, a party of the rebels, though then protected, laid wait for him in POUL-MOUNTNEY wood, against his return. But he fortunately took another road. In the mean time Mr. *Cullimore* of *Ross* passing by the wood, in a carriage, some of the rebels called out to the rest *Shin e! Shin e!* "That's he! That's he!" On which a crowd of them rushed on the carriage, and opening it exclaimed "Oh! M'CORMICK! you bloody villain of the world! Now we have you! Now you shall pay

"pay for all you ever did to us!" But Mr. Cullimore calmly informing them who he was, they suffered him to pass.

About this time a sum of money, considerably upwards of one thousand guineas was collected and distributed to the loyal inhabitants of Ross, particularly the *refugees*. A great number of *spinning-wheels* also, and some *looms* have been distributed amongst them. On this philanthropic occasion, the *Quakers*, as usual, have been the foremost of the champions of humanity; and even some of the *perishing* relatives of rebels have shared in their beneficence! In matters of this sort the *Quakers* are truly CATHOLIC; and, in the great day of Account who would wish to be found otherwise, by that awful Judge who has declared his sentiments on that head so fully; and not only so, but left them on record for our contemplation and practice!

Since the rebellion, I believe that at least one thousand peasantry have been transmitted prisoners to this town, and thence to NEW GENEVA Barracks for transportation as soldiers for the king of PRUSSIA's service. Some of those (if we take their word for it) were transported for keeping late hours in public houses.

Two or three of the inhabitants of this town have been, on the accusation of rebels tried for their lives, transmitted to WATERFORD with their hands tied behind their backs, tried and acquitted. I spoke to one of them on his return, and made what enquiries I could on the subject. "Why, sir" says he "there is no blaming any one but the rebels that make the accusation. The poor devils have no part of their conscience left but what tells them of their fate in the next world; and they would rather any body else should go than themselves: But it is a pity that any man should be disgracefully pinioned, upon such grounds or until he is proved to be guilty. Sir, I was accused of *bringing a REBEL PRIEST to WATERFORD locked up in a chest*;

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"but

“ but I soon saw the corpse of the unfortunate fellow that accused me, going by in his own chest after being hanged !”

It is of importance to add, that Mr. M<sup>c</sup> CORMICK solemnly declares his opinion, that not more than *six hundred* soldiers fought on the day of battle—Only consider ! against THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND rebels, with Two THOUSAND stand of fire-arms, besides cannon, &c. Rare GENERAL JOHNSON ! May the Ross laurels in his wreath of victory ever bloom with distinguished verdure ! and may his humane conduct towards me never fade from the grateful remembrance of his

JAMES ALEXANDER !

ADVERTISEMENT.



## A P P E N D I X.

### No. I,

The following curious and entertaining letter was originally designed for the *Waterford Chronicle*, a loyal and respectable print, but was deemed by the editor, Mr. Ramsay, too long for a newspaper publication. It is supposed to be written by a penitent rebel peasant. The sentiments contained in this whimsical, but keenly-pointed production, may serve to amuse even those loyalists who cannot wholly subscribe to them. If the author errs, it is on the side of humanity!

### TO THE PRENTHER.

Maister Ram's-eye,

It is bekeys I nose you to be a life jantleman, who sees things in their proper light, that *I picks you out* to shew you a piece of my mind. You musht know that I om (do you take me? see!) an owld rubble that has found marsee and purteckshin fram *ago-burn-mint*, that mite very justly have scent me and awl my comerogues, fowl and boddy, piking off to the diyle (Christ bless us!) and the two looking eyes in my foolish head is so opent, by this and other matthers, to see owld times and time to cum, fwhen I should be afther being dead of the himpen or leaden disorder, that I think I can give the *peephill* that reeds the *Water-fart Chronickbill*, sum hints vorth shmoaking; and af yew don't prent them, fwwhy—*Na bockles!* That's all! Put that in your pipe and shmoak it!

There is three ways for making of rubbles, and I will tell you four or five out of the tree, for the good of the guntree; and, as for the resht of um, you may guesst at thim ewer-felf, or find them out by ewer larenen; that is, if they

don't dish-cover won upon anether, fwhin so many of them is fownd to be after beeing dish-covered awl ready bya fella that has born mosht of them, hot and heavy as they war, upon his own shoulders.

Vwell then; in the fust place, let fum boddy or anether that has a mind to lade in the fust hollow-bulloo of the kick up, get anether boddy to imploy anether body, and so an, thorough a hundherd boddies, to frecken the hole boddy of the poor part of the grate boddy of the peep-hill, with fum divlish bugabow sthory 'bout Arringe-min that is cummun to dish-criminate, and implicate, and reprobate, and inextricate, and extirpate, and ruinate,—and, in shart, to ate up every way, every *Popish* mother's fowl of um, awl round about the world fram corner to corner, *tree-na ybaila*, thorough owl'd Irelint. It is no matther aff theese Arringe-min be (like the goashts, oh-e!) niver to be seen, but ever and awlwis heerd of. They may indeed exisht under a very different kerefther fram that given of um. No matther for that: only let the name be made out a divlish bad won; and thin you know it will be easy to fasthen it upon anny shet of peephill the rubbles may have a mind to shkiverate by and by; and a rapscallion or two of confated lylishs of the bo-thering, booby, blubbering, ree-raw kind,—aye, by my fowl! or hole duzzins of um will niver be wanten to take thish flashy death-or-glory name upon um for the sake of keepen up the bawl, and of maken themselves buggabows of shate and con-sick-wince. Fwhin this repoart, like a playfther of Spanish flies, is wonce properly sppred upon the lower part of the body polly-tick, you will soon see the blishter of ah-pray-hen-shun beginning to rise very fast; and every ignorant polly-tickle quack will be for shnipping at it with his scissors of reproof; tho' nat won of um, any more than the professed doghters of the shate wood shew the shmawlest regard to the purvinshin of the disardher in the

the beginning ; except in a way of their own, fwhich I believe they were nat fitch fools as to think wood anfer there seeming purpifs. No, no! that wood niver do to brin about a ledge his flate of onion, to pr ovoke the falt tears of the nay-shun : that wood niver *anfer* the bizness of. scotch-ifying us awl together. A few pomp-flights by way of dif- fuafives from rubblification may now be published by fome kind and honefht-harted lylifhts ; but you know, the mat- ther may be fo conducted by the difhttribbithers, that nat won man in five thoufent of the rubbles fhall ever heer a word or fee a flate of one of um ; or, af they do, you know, that the burning love of fartin nay-boors will cum- plately fhpile their fhummick for the contints. Now every inamy to robellyng and frind to the *gun-flay-tuition* will be for calling in all arms ; but if the ahprayhenshts of the peephill be not tinderly and gingerly inquired into, and the caufe removed as far as it appears juft, and fhet in a proper light, fwhere it proves to be otherwife and is misrepresented, the divle a Bunker's-hill crack the *mifsfure* will fignafy, but to vork up the *pheers* of the peep-hill to an oyll, and fo to hafhten the mifchuff : for, now finding the arms taken away and gone, the rubbles will begin to be after before go- ing about to attempt to offer to undertake to think that legs won't do well enuff in their place ; efpecially if the firft mifchuff-making tools will take proper panes to perfwade um, that this is awl the vork of *Arringe-min* (who muft now be artfully called *the tools of gouvernment*) to get a clean fhweeping fhtroak at the *Pappifhes*. Then I'll be bail the poor mad freckened divles will pike off with themselves, and go to vork looking for fresh guns ; and thofe that can't find none will begin to get *pikes* and hookum-fniveys, and fum roags takin the advantage of the fashin will be luckin for fome *aragudh*, 'ginft the hollow-bulow comes an. Now awl pikes will be cawled in and closely fifted after, and

uvery

ivery rubble that is cotched sint on board of a man of war,  
 to inoculate the fleet with the shpreading dishordher. This  
 is just the time for that most dangerous of all polly-tickle  
 sects, the *Didn't-I-tell-you People* on both sides, to put out  
 their horns, and to crawl out of their dark holes of ob-  
 stinewerity and croak auver awl their owld proof-I-sees, and  
 hiss and spit about their venom. The rubble profits and  
 mischuff-makers musht layber more than ever to turn awl  
 the tawk that was fust about *Arringe-min* aginst goburnmint,  
 and to shpred the noshin that awl lylists, espeshelly *Prod-  
 be-stands*, are those plaguey *Arringe-min* that was to bedivle  
 awl the *Rowman* Catholics. Let this be done smoothly  
 and decently, and hafe the biffyness will soon be completed.  
 To carry it on cliverly, and complete the other hafe, the  
 dregs of those lylists that have not the shpirit to use any  
 thing but their aspish tongues and cockatrice breath in the  
 business, musht go an at a gallopping rate, to croak auver  
 awl their owld proofsees 'bout the *Popish party*, just as they  
 did in this sweet guntree at the time of the Frinch *rave-  
 lshin*. "*Quogh bonee O! fwhat, fwhat a wonder you por-  
 tend to make of the matter! Didn't I tell you, that this  
 wood be the way with the Popish party? Fwhy, I tell you  
 agin and agin and agin, as Mrs. Deary used to say, it is the  
 Popish party that is cummin for to go for to destroy every  
 Prod-he-stand or Hug-a-knot in France, as so many hairy-  
 ticks.*" In the mane time every staunch Papish, espeshally  
 the clargy, were made to pay for their diletty, either with  
 their lives, lubbertys, or prophearty. In this manner owld  
 time (who, you know, is a diylish possitive fella in his way)  
 came round the corner of affairs, with his bloody stubborn  
 clargy-proofs, shtaring the hell-inshpired wiscacres of shan-  
 dries in the face, and givin um the lie in fitch a kammicle  
 plain fort of a method of a fashion of a way of a direct and  
 undeniable fort of a maner, that with awl the infernal  
 confidence

confidence of their babble of *Bob Bellion*, they ware for a time obliged to draw in their horns, shneak back into their holes, and be silent, untol the shkiverations and other be-divilements of *Schkullabogue*, *Waxfart-brudge*, and *Vinègar-bill*, brightened up their dish-appointed countenances, and cawld them forth to bask in the sunshine of their prophetic reputashin. But, to complate the whole matther in hand, awl the devout seers have to do is, on the one side to construe the apithet of *Papish* or *Rowman Catholic* into *rubble*, and the apithet of *rubble* into *Papish* or *Rowman Catholic*; and, on the other side, the Papisshes musht represint awl Arringe-min as so many sworn parsyncuthers of Popery that are to wade, first *anck-deep*, and then *knee-deep*, in their blood. Afther this, they have but won shtep more to take, and fwhin that is wonce completely taken, I will engage for the resht. Having pisoned the kerrechter of Arringe-min in this manner, awl they have to do is, to represint awl Prod-he-stands as so many Arringe-min with the acid of the divle's gall in the very gizzard of their fowls within! Now these three polly-tickle playsthers, made by those 'pottycarries of hell, and properly spread by the shpatula of report, and so clapt on the shoulders of owld *Beelzebub* himself, wood, af he was Archbishop of Cantherberry, aye, and Pope of Rome into the bargain (crass of Christ about us!) rouze him, with awl his infernal agonies about him, into the owld rubble frenzy that led him the fust mad dance out of heaven into Bally-Brimstone!

Now fwhin a man is made a rubble afther this or any other of the fashins (fwhich I believe your eye is shorp enuff to see behind without my tellin) if they ketches him and puts him on board of a man of waur, the dickens a small poreen of a Connaught red prheaty it will signafy; for *suire* a man may play the devil and *Parker's* rant as well there as any fwhere else, and live better upon good beef, pork, biscuit, pudding,

pudding, pease, burgoo, grog, or wine, than ever he did at home upon dry prshaties and buttermilk: aye, *faith!* and shleep better upon a flock-bed in a snug jolly swinging hammock, than ever he did at home under a broken *caddow* on a rotting wad of straw upon the damp clay-floor of his shmoaky stinking cabin; aye *faiks!* and have less work into the bargain, except in tempestrious wether. And swhat rubble on the sod, do you think, wood be such a *Juggy Mulrooney* of a fella as to be affeard of that? Aw! aw! By the leaden potatoe that entered the sanctified pelt of Father *Murphy*, the tight fellows aren't so easily freckened out of rebellion, after being so heartily freckened into it, and the soagers nose that.

Vwell! swhat wood you have of it? Aff you wood make three or four duzzen rubbles out of won (growing duzzens I mane) visit the shins of the fathers 'pon the childher and samly: burn his howis, my dear! and may the divle in hell burn you for your panes! Then you know, swthin he cums hoam and finds the deer wife of his hart, and the childher of his gizzard and fowl, and, it may be, sum *ghadh aum thiel* of a release-shin or frend under the blazing sun of the cowl, blowing, rainy, freezing shky—swhat do you think he vwill do? Ax! ax my —, no! Ax the baifts of the airth; ax the dog or cat at the swire, and aff they cud shpake they wood awl tell you, swhat common sense vwill tell you before-hand, aff you will! but listhen to it: ax any man that is not without a feeling heart, gizzard, or thripe; ax yourself, af you are not the divle (savin your sever!) swhat wood you do aff you ware in his foul-case? Or, swhat wood be the shitate of your mind? Wood you not sawl tenderly in love with every principle of libety, and be charmed into a rupture of delight with the mild just-ast of your persecutiers? Ogh then, to be fair you wood! Bether shin! And the rubbles are very *tinder*, every one of um! But of swhat

fwhat fort is this *tindernefs*? Fwhy, it is a *tindernefs* that catches fire like *tinder* itself upon fuch a fiery occafion. Then fwhat wood that *tindernefs* put into the head of the father of a famly ruined after fuch a manner? Fwhat wood he be at with his *tindernefs*? By my fowle he wood be for thinking of revinge! Aye, by the powers of *Moll Kelly* and her drefler of pewter! and for fawling about it too; bekeys fwhy you know his life would not be in won bit the more danger. *Devul fuckulh breague, a ghrabar!* I wood as lief fay it behind your face as before your back.

A fella ripened in this manner for bedivlements will find enough to confult with; aye, faith! rich and poor. Bad look to um!

Now fwhin thefe fellas meets together, they will lay schemes and agree as one man in their own definte; (A fwine pattern for par-lament!) bekeys fwhy, they will love won another juft as honeft people ought, but not as honeft people do. Then they will hugger-mugger with won neighbor and cugger in the yeers of another untol they gets more. Awi they wont there is a head; and the dickens a head they need be long without. Vwell! fwhat wood you have of it? They befhpakes a head; and he tells um, that fwhen they have got enuff to be knocked on the head, he vwill head or be-head, or do any thing they plays. Then they coakes away more and more fellas of their releafe-fkins and other peep-hill to jine. In the mddle of the mane time the howfes are burnen, and fo more rubbles foon gothered. Then the mad divies fawls to preffing wolluntters into their favis, and fo ab, like a rowling fnow-ball; growin bigger and bigger as they thravels along. And fometimes they follows the fwieri pattern that was fust tet them, burnen the howfes of tell-tails. Then the tell-tails gets more rubbles howfes conflaggerated to the grate joy of the fust fufferers, bekeys they want more vingers. So betune life peephill and

and rubble peephill the hole guntree is burned round about, *three na yhaylea*, auver and a crass, this away and that away, and the rubbles encrease as before. Aff won of um is kotched and convicted of *simple rebellion only*, he is promoted to be a saylor or soager; and, aff a lilebody is kotch'd by thim, he is thraited with a dish of *pikes* for his lasht supper; but aff his howse and famly be reunited by them, his martyrdom to be suire is the less miserable. To confirm and promote this shperit of, rubblification, there is a mosht excellent and infalible method, fwhich I will now tell you:—

When the lylishs have kotched a man of whose guilt there remains any doubt, let them flog and half strangle him to make um confess that he is guilty, and many other things of many other peephill of whom he haves no knowledge. And these bedivlements of afflicting the innocent both owld and young, and of sarving and promoting the guilty, may be called “bringing the sore to a head;” but by my fowl they will make a running and incurable ulcer of it, fwhich I am ascerd their next form of prayer will never be able to heal up, though it may bring a scab auver it the corrupshin. The doghter says it wont do. And aff I mishtake not, our lylishs will bring a fartin venerable and very respectable owld howis on their heads, ashter many a harty and foolish attempt of some patriotic individuals to prop it up. And with the fawl of that howis, good by to the eyeland of saints and divles *three na yhaylea*! Isn't this very purty? *Ogh! musbin!* the *sirrah* take you, old Irelint, for a blundering guntree! By my *sewcurshy* you have done your *bunthsoon*! You wanted a change in your gun-stay-tuition, and I'll be bail you will soon find one to your sorrow! The d—s cure to you, a ruin! for your promoshin of rubbles and destruction of innocent childer, and your unjust punishment of lile landlords! But you have sumtimes blundered upon a little good, unknown to yourself, even in the house-



house-burnen way ; and that is, by making a griping landlord pay for the roast. But for this mode of punishment, may the owld horned rubble thank the promoathers in parson fwhin they awl meets at Bally-brimstone !

Now, Maishter Ram's-eye, havin' towld you sum of the comeplatest ways in the world for making of Irish rubbles, I vwill now shew you fwhat I think sum of the most properest and most bestest and furst methods of purvinting rebellion, or, at leasht, of attempting it with a clear conscience ; that is, without danger of ketching any symptoms of the disorder. And as I can't stomp my methods, or any won of um within fail libel a tye, I vwill shew you the fairest method, and an un fail libel won too, of kewring the rubble disorther 'pon the 'pearance of abshtinasy in the shockin malady.

Fwhen poor peep-hill cumplane, their throb bells, fwhe-ther rale or madginerry, ought to be feroussly lucked into and investigated, and the *cause* only to be made the object of removal. The rubbles should have been reminded, how sartingly every won of their rale grievances were in the way of being redreshed, as *their own* par-lament was then at the work, and had acthelly dun a gud dale that way awl reddy. But that sitch conduct fram *thim* would shstop the mouths of their besht frinds, who, aff they ware lile and honest, musht soon be prowoked to sweel to the right abowit, and Ogle the danger hanging auver their *mweeliens* as they ought. And may the divle *be-grattan* the mimber that won't now ! *Tandificatio* and O'Connor's luck to them, aff they woant change their *Wolffsb Tone* before we are awl devowered by those plaguy rubbles that swarm like *Emmets* awl auver the guntree, and before the Frinch with their damnation, pair of Irish *Shears* cum to fleece us of our gun-stay-tuition, and clip away the few dag-locks of wealth that has not yet done growing upon us, though it is so cursedly scorched.

But fwhat shud we do if rubblification should confound awl our schemes to prevint it? I vwill tell you that, Maister Ram's-eye: I vwill tell you the shortest, comeplatest, and infalliblest method in the world of kewring obstinate rubbles.

Let every divle's peethre of um, as soon as kotched and *convicted*, be framed up in the gallice, and the howises and families of um be registred, that a shorp eye be kept upon their rubble conneckshins. Now if the rubble yeoman that was scent fram *Rafs* to the fourth of *Dung-cannon* was hangt, or his head cut off, inshtead of the cape of his coat,\* doant yew think he would have been sarved rite?—Aye, by my *sowkins*! and aff myself was hanged up too, the divle a hayporth of harm it woud do the guntree. But the burnen of my howis has inoculated every mother's goasht of my famly with a frish and inkewrebel spice of the rubble diforther. Ogh! my deer fur! only think fwhat a los my poor famly had in my little cabbins! a shelter more deer to thim, than Shaint James's pallice is to his prisint majesty, Gorge the turd. May the lilcty of his supjacks shave and pursarve him fram awl evil. Ah-man! But I musht go back to fwhat I was going to begin to say about kewring the guntree of the rubble diforther. Aftther mild, marseeful, and propper methods being taken *in vain* to purvint the infection, there is nothing like stringing up the refractory rumbustificaterers, like so many bunches of red herrins: This woud soon kewr them and many others of the polly-tickle shickness: for the resht of the vaggybones seeing death shtaring won anether of um out of countenance,

and

\* A rebel yeoman from a corps which I do not now remember was transmitted to Ross, and thence to the fort of Duncannon. The fellow wore no appearance of uniform, but a red cape to his blue fortout. This the honest guards at the entrance indignantly cut off before they would suffer the villain to enter, even as a prisoner!

and the shortness of breath (fwhich you know is a fear-fabel  
diserther, fwhin it cums to a *head*, or to a *niak* either, by  
the hoky !) cummin so fasht upon um, wood begin to shmett  
a rat amongst their wring-leaders, and think of changing  
their course as eagerly as ever they did of beginning it.—  
Or, at the worst, a little *fogerification*, for a hecl-tap to the  
business, according to the lasht-part of the owld *Johnsonian*  
plan at *Rafs*, wood confirm them in the matter. Fwhin  
the owld broken blishter, unshkailfully shnipped at, became  
a fore bile which soon bruck out too, and awl the corruption  
ran abowit, and twinty other fores was risen, and the whole  
guntree was *Jebified* with political quackery, it was imposs-  
sible but the disarther should produce a frinzy that was only  
to be kewred by a large quantity of leaden military pills,  
briskly adminishtred by the blue and shkarlet doghters of  
the cannon law. These may vork their patients into an in-  
fernal fit of *Skullaboguing*, and a hundred sitch bedivilements ;  
but the *firrah* take me if any other physik will answer a dis-  
arther of the kind brought to a head so terrible. In time  
it may operate as an emetic, and make them wamit up all  
their disaffection ; but, by the mitre of Shaint Patriek, that  
time seems to be “ auver the hills and far away.” There-  
fore, I think it wood have been more better to have begun  
at the beginning to a very different tune. Good luck to my  
Lord *Cornwalllets* for ending the business so happily ! And  
yet it is a pity it was not ended more comeplatly : the *dickens*  
an Irish rubble should ever be suffered to walk his native  
ground in freedom ; that ground fwhich he layburd so suc-  
cessfully to auverfwhelm with misery and desolation : the  
*dickens* a won of um should be suffered to breathe their pes-  
tilential sintimints of *rubbification* amongst peaceably-dis-  
posed peep-hill, or to propagate them in their own famyls.  
To come plate the hole thing, fwhin the dregs of the vil-  
lains wood be set getting marfec, it mite be granted, with a  
morsel

inorcel of holesum justals into the bargain. *Transportation* for ever and ever, and seven years ashter—transportation for life is the word: O vogh! the divle a lefs, my dear hunny's! And let a fartin part of the propheartys go for the use of innoſcent and lyle ſufferers, anether part for the ſupport of the poor families, and the reſht for to pay the expinces of the crappy thravlers auver the vauther. The ſhkape-graces ſhould be ſould for a time long enuff to ſober their thoughts and to make an humbel and hard-vorking life a welkim thing to um, and thin they ſhould have lubberty, under fartin reſtrictions, to do their miſfarthinet ſowls and boddies awl the good they cud, upon their own account—that is, on t'other ſide of the ſaweet Atlantic. Many a dead rubble mite have dun a grate dale of good auver there by this time, inſhtid of ſinging. "Erin ga braugh" in *Peg Trantum's* ſwiſhkey-shop, nine muiles below hell. As to hell itſelf, I believe aff an Irish rubble was to knock for admittance at the gates king *Beelzebub*, who you know is an owld rubble, and loſht too much by the biznis awlreddy, wood not let him in, but caſht a ſheep's eye at him, and bid him, "*Go be damned ſome ſubere elſe!*" So I am,

Maſhter Ram's-eye,

Yewr moaſht obeydhent, humble ſarvant

Two command,

Patrick Teague O'Brallaghan,

Knight of the ſhkiver.

Ballykilknockmedownorangeman, near Caſtle Blunder-gun, in the county of Pullaliew, Jew-lye the 5th, one thou ſent, ſeven under it, and nine to eat.

#### POST SCRAP.

Aff the rubble-crushers of Irelint would wiſh to be liſe to the very centre of the ſowle of their harts within, ſo as to make even juſtals and marcy kiſs and embrace each other,  
let

let them hear a pinnatint rubble give them instructshins how they should be after proceeding. The innoſcent childer of the hangt rubble ſhould be condemned to marcy as ſurely as ever the father was condemned to juſtiſs. They ſhould be taken from the mother, fed, clothed, properly inſtructed, and the ſting of rebellion drawn from their little harts. They ſhould *not* be left in the care of thoſe that would be for ſhorpening and timpering it to the very bluenefs of a fiſh-hook. Now woodn't this be better than to let them ripen in the ſhpirit of the divle, and ſo to have the throb bell of hanging them all up like ſo many fitches of fat bacon fwain they woud be big? Do you want lile ſupjacks? Fwhy, there is the making of hole duzzens of them ſhiver-ing with cowl and begging 'pon the 'count of their burnt cabins!

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## No. II.

Sometime in 1798, I met with a French-Engliſh Song, replete with great humour, the genuine effuſion of Engliſh loyalty. The gallant and univerſally-excellent naval conduct of our eſteemed Admiral, *Sir John Borlaſe Warren*, being at that time the general ſubject of loyal applauſe, I vamped, altered, and added to the ſong, as a ſmall tribute to his worth.

On the firſt anniversary of the memorable fiſth of June, being at a public entertainment with a very large number of the more reſpectable loyalists in this town and vicinity, they called upon me for a ſong. Though no ſinger, I attempted to gratify them by ſinging my new-modelled compoſition; and to make up in *humour* what I could not furniſh in *melody*. It was received with hearty applauſe; and to this day I am frequently asked for copies of it. Through want of time,

time, not being able to gratify more that *one* friend in this particular, I insert it here, and bid an eternal adieu to song-making and song-singing, excepting those songs which celebrate the praise of Him whom we are all made to glorify.!

## THE

## FRENCH SAILOR'S TRIUMPH.

Vat mean you John Anglishe to make dis grande pothar,  
'Bout your beef and your pothen, your dis, dat, and  
d'oather?

Pray, fair, vat you mean? Den is Frenshe-man a teef?  
Do you dheenk he'd go stole your dhaam pothen and beef?  
*Dherry dbone, dbone, dbone Dherry, dbone.*

Vat tho' pour Frenshe-man have no bothen to eat?  
You knowse they have vroggs, dat delectable meat;  
Vitch make frigasse vid bon soup and fallat,  
And suit very vell vid grande Frenshe-man's pallat.

*Dherry dbone, &c.*

You say dat your beef make you no fear de goan;  
But rememder, Jon Anglishe, ve make you to roan,—  
Ven ourselfs led de vay, at von, two, tree, foive battel,  
And your Anglois cannon at our backfides did rattel.

*Dherry dbone, &c.*

But now I must tell you (vid moshe complaisance)  
We daught for to pay you von visit from Fraance;  
And if *Burlesque War-ben* you'd let us come over,  
We'd sail to Killalla, or land just at Dovre.

*Dherry dbone, &c.*

*Mal*

*Mal peste!* that dhaam *War-ben*! she won't go away,  
But in de Brest harbour force Frenshe fleet to sthay;  
She cackle and crow, and she play fush dhaam frolicke,  
She give pauvre Frenshe sailere von fit of the cholicke.

*Dherry dhone, &c.*

Once this *War-ben* go off vid all her dhaam shicken,  
And take up von, two, tree, nine, seven, five,\* Frenshe  
mershan-man, all for der picking,  
And our Admiral shrug up and make a grande wry mouth;  
To hear dat dey all vos got safe into Plymouth.

*Dherry dhone, &c.*

Now sthop that beeg laugh! Mark vot coame by and by!  
Our Admiral dhake out his glaas for to spy,—  
Then hollows, "Up anchor! there's no thing to fear!  
The *War-ben* is gone, and the coast is all clear!"

*Dherry dhone, &c.*

So vee fail out amain, and vee daught to do foamthing,—  
But *War-ben* and shickens, vid ball big as pomkin,  
Come pounce us, and pelt us, and make fush dhaam clatter,  
Dat von, two, tree, Frenshe ship was fall dhone in the water.

Den vee might all sing Morblicu! *Dherry dhone, &c.*

But the sport of this *War-ben* it did not sthop here;  
She make for de frolicke Frenshe navy pay dear;  
She broke all our rigging, fine sail, and beeg maasth,  
And seex of our ships she made prizes at last.

*Dherry dhone, &c.*

Den our Admiral, in the very grande passione,  
Resolved to do foamthing for good of our nation,—  
"Make off, you dhaam dhogs!" says he, "make no delay!"  
So vee dhake up de heel, and vee all roan away.

*Dherry dhone, &c.*

\* In a profaic tone reckoning on his fingers, which he holds up to shew the number.

To open, if possible, the eyes of some of the late rebels to the peculiar evils which any government on French principles, substituted in this country for the present government, would most certainly bring upon themselves, I shall quote some of the established political maxims of the French nation relative to Christianity at large, and Popery in particular. They are copied from *Du Contrat Social*, i. e. "the Social Contract," a compendium of such aphorisms or precepts by the celebrated infidel John James Rousseau. In the preface to this work we are told, that "high honours have been recently paid to the memory of Rousseau by the National Assembly of France, avowedly from a persuasion that this very treatise of his had prepared the way for the revolution which had lately taken place in that country."—Dub. Edit.

—Speaking of old heathenish systems of faith and worship, he proceeds— "There is still another and a more extravagant kind of religion, which gives to mankind two legislations, two chiefs, and two countries; requires from them contradictory duties, and prevents their being devout men and citizens at the same time. The religion of the Lamas is of this sort, so is that of the Japanese, and the Roman Catholic faith may be justly included in the number. The latter may be called the religion of the Priests; and there results from it a kind of mixt and unsocial duty which is without a name!! This religion in particular is so evidently bad, that it would be losing time to demonstrate its evils!!"—[Page 305.]

Speaking of that spirit of religious intolerance which he conceives to characterize Popery, he says—"Those who make a distinction between civil and religious intolerance are certainly in my opinion mistaken: they must be inseparable;



"perable; for it is impossible to live in amity with those whom we believe to be devoted to damnation!" To love them, would be to insult that God who has marked them out for the objects of his wrath: we should either *reclaim* or *punish* them."—[Page 318.]

T 2

"Religious

\* I once conversed with a Romish Priest on this subject, and the substance of our conversation is well worthy of insertion.

Alexander.—Is it an established tenet of your church, that *out of her pale there is no salvation*?

Priest.—Most undoubtedly: there can be but the one church; and out of that there is no salvation. To suppose the contrary is to suppose salvation to be derived otherwise than through Christ. To be saved *tho'* him, we must be members of his mystical body.

A.—I most firmly believe that there is no salvation out of the church of Christ; and that for the very reason you assign. But give me leave to say, that my notion of that church is *truly catholic*, whereas I conceive yours to be as much the reverse as possible!

P. And what is your notion of the true church, Mr. Alexander?

A.—I believe that every man who has the fear of God in his heart, and does to the utmost of his ability, ~~from a sense of his duty to his neighbour~~, his duty to his neighbour, is a member of the church of Christ, even though he should be ignorant of the other doctrines of Christianity, or of the ceremonies of the Christian church.

P.—What, Sir! That such a man is a member of the church of Christ?

A. Yes, Sir.

P.—A member of Christ himself?

A.—Yes, Sir.

P.—You do not answer equivocally, & respectfully, presume. Can you mean *accepted with God*?

A.—Yes, Sir, "accepted with God," in the fullest sense of the words.

P.—Pray, Sir, whence is your authority for this *new doctrine*?

A.—My authority, Sir, is from a Person whom you profess greatly to venerate.

P.—Which of the Popes?

A.—Peter the First: to be serious, I mean the *Apostle Peter*, who being raised by a miracle from a spirit of bigotry, or, at least, a temptation thereto, and taught *so* ~~all men common of mankind~~, in a *private* ~~angel~~ *angel*, said, "of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation,"

"Religious intolerance is admitted every where; and it is impossible for it not to produce some civil effect: as soon as it hath produced it, the sovereign ceases to be such, even in temporal concerns; for the *priests* are from that time so absolutely masters, that kings themselves are nothing more than their officers."—[P. 318, 319, 320.]

"Those

"nation" i. e. whatever this national or prevailing system of faith may be, "he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is *accepted with him*." But, my dear Sir, waving all argument on the subject, let me further ask, do you think that I for whom you profess much esteem, do you think I am an heir of damnation?

P.—Oh! no, my dear friend! God forbid I should be so uncharitable! Indeed I have not such a contemptible idea of your understanding or judgment, as to think you will *die* out of our church. Besides there are many things which may pass between God and a departing soul, in its behalf to the mutation of its faith, which is not for us to know, lest it should make us presumptuous; so that I hope many hereticks die penitent, and thus fall into the arms of the church at last, and are saved. Surely *this* hope is not uncharitable.

A.—But you do not think it *impossible* that I should die a Protestant.—Now if I die a confirmed Protestant, do you think I shall be damned?

P.—No, Sir, I do not say you will be *damned* even in that case; but I take upon me to say, you will never see God in glory.

A.—Oh! then [with emotion] that is my notion of damnation. To be eternally excluded from the favour and presence of Him, who is the source of all rational delight and happiness, is to be abandoned to the excruciating tortures of those passions which, when not under the guiding influence of his spirit, must rage in us like violent and unquenchable flames, and make our souls mere compounds of misery, aggravated by the natural consequences of the society of others hurried on by the influence of such passions, to torment one another. These flames often break forth even in this world: the irruptions are too visible even amongst some who call themselves Christians, to deny it. This is my notion of hell-fire; but whatever your notion of it may be, surely your idea of our being excluded from the Divine Presence for not believing as you do, and dying out of your religious community, is unquestionably uncharitable.

P.—Not

“ Those who dare to say, *Out of the church, out of salvation,*  
 “ should be driven from the state,† unless that state is  
 “ the church, and the prince the pontiff. Such a dogma  
 “ is suited only to a religious government; in all others it  
 “ must be exceedingly pernicious. The very reason which,  
 “ it

P.—Not at all, Sir; it has no reference to charity whatever. If I beheld a man conducted by the ministers of justice to the place of execution for wilful and deliberate murder, am I uncharitable while I grieve bitterly both for his crime and his fate? Am I uncharitable because I don't blindfold my judgment into an approbation of his crime? Surely were I to do so, I should be *truly uncharitable*!

A.—Ah! but, my dear Sir, until I am brought to believe my being a Protestant a case parallel to that you have now stated, I cannot blindfold my judgment into such an execrable a notion of the God I worship, as to think he would eternally cast out from his dear presence the man “ who fears him and works righteousness.” How widely in doctrine do your Popes differ from that venerable man of God, whom you call the first Pope. Now, Sir, who is the true catholic? If St. Peter was (as you say) a Pope, who is the true Papist? But I am forbidden by St. Paul to call myself, as a Christian, after any man. I am, therefore, ambitious only of the name of Christian; and on the broad basis of the truly catholic spirit and character which that name imports, I hope you and I shall get to Heaven, where I am persuaded you will renounce your doctrine in a rapture of delight, and join with me in praising him whose goodness is not to be prescribed by such narrow bounds as our poor finite notions are apt to conceive.

There is an excellent saying of good Mr. Whitfield (from whom I differ widely in *some* religious speculative points)—“ When through divine mercy I get to Heaven, I shall have three wonders. 1. To meet with many there whom I never expected to arrive there, “ because he followed not with us, or rather went so widely from us. 2. To find a great many excluded those regions of felicity, whom I thought to be eminently useful Christians. But my greatest wonder will be, 3. To find myself there! to find poor George Whitfield, in heaven, after all the assaults at his endeavours, 1. from the professors and profane of this world; 2. from his own evil deceitful heart; and 3. from the enemy of souls, the accuser of the brethren; the roaring lion, who is perpetually going about seeking whom he may devour.”

† And how agreeably to this maxim have the French conducted themselves! Witness scores of *priests*!

" it is said, made Henry the Fourth (*of France*) embrace  
 " the Romish religion, is the one which should make all  
 " honest men renounce it, and particularly all princes who  
 " are capable of reasoning as they ought to do."—P. 320,  
 222.

So much for the openly and even ceremoniously adopted and avowed maxims of France, with regard to Popery.— Now let us hear one or two of them respecting Christianity at large, where we may observe, that the author seems hardly capable of viewing Christianity through any medium that is not tinctured with corruption, and that corruption he extracts from Popery. He well knows, that subordination in its grossest and most formidable and extensive point of view, is the very life and soul of Popery. The genuine doctrines of Popery are the very antipodes of those upon which equality is founded. One system is as naturally as destructive of the other, as fire and water, or heat and cold, are opposite to each other. Suppose a system of equality to be universally adopted on earth, Popery ceases to exist! Here I do not suppose that equality which it is impossible in the nature of things should exist, and which I have known some endeavour to palm upon our understandings as the *French* hypothesis, even while the severe execution of the French penal laws belied the report, and shewed that there was as much difference between them as between a *cliff* and a *crutchet*. Such declaimers do the cause no good, by thus incontestibly evincing their own ignorance.

" I am guilty of an error," says this author of the modern French political creed, " when I speak of a republic  
 " of Christians, for ~~it~~ *there can be no such thing.* Christianity preaches up servitude and dependance; and its spirit is too favourable to tyranny not to be always taken advantage of. In short, the true Gospel Christian is  
 " formed

" formed to be a slave; and they are so sensible of it that  
 " they hardly endeavour to avoid slavery. This short life  
 " is of too little consequence in their eyes to have any  
 " thought bestowed upon it." We are told that the Chris-  
 " tian troops are excellent; but where are they to be found?  
 " For my part I do not know of *any* Christian troops that  
 " have ever existed. If I am desired to recollect the Crus-  
 " ades, I shall beg leave to remark, without disputing the  
 " bravery of the crusaders; that so far from being Christian  
 " troops, they were only the soldiers of the priests; the  
 " citizens of the church; who fought for her *spiritual* pay,  
 " which, by some means or other, she had rendered tem-  
 " poral! In fact, when we consider the point, the business  
 " of the crusaders favours of the Pagan system: for, as the  
 " Gospel does not establish any national religion, all religious  
 " wars are impossible among Christians. Under the Pagan  
 " Emperors, the Christian soldiers were distinguished for  
 " their bravery, as the Christian writers assure us; and I  
 " believe the fact was so: but then their valour was the ef-  
 " fect of an emulation to excel the Pagan troops: for when  
 " the Emperors became Christians, this emulous spirit died  
 " away; and as soon as the cross had changed the eagle  
 " from the field of glory, the valour of the Romans was  
 " no more."—Pages 313, 314.

While the Romanist is charging the Protestant and the  
 Protestant the Romanist with being the promoter of those  
 religious animosities and other consequent evils which in  
 part still continue to rage amongst us, the infidel comes in  
 with his trite proverb, *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*  
 " To the perpetration of so great evils is religion capable of  
 " persuading us!" But nothing can be more preposterous  
 and self-contradictory than such an affirmation respecting the  
 Christian religion, or any one essential branch of it; let the  
 professors

\* A false idea of Mr. Rousseau.

professors be whatever sect they may. Nor is there in the very nature of things any other possible remedy but religion for those calamitous dissensions and conflicts which still continue to rend the bowels of our body politic. These assertions I shall, in the first place, unanswerably prove, and then apply the reasoning. And first, what is the Christian religion? My answer to this question I shall not draw from councils whether oecumenical or otherwise, nor from any human authority whatever; but from the great AUTHOR of *Christianity* himself, than whose reiterated and solemn declarations on this important point, nothing can be more clear and express. It is indeed a matter so plain, that an inspired Jewish prophet speaking of the peculiar advantages of the *Christian* dispensation says "The way-faring man though a fool"—he does not say *need not*, but—"shall not err therein." So that he who errs therein, though most certainly a *fool* in the scripture sense of the term, is not a "way-faring man," that is (to explain scripture by scripture) "a follower of the doctrine." For says the author of our faith "If any man be a doer of his will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of GOD." \* which is as glorious and express a promise of infallibility on terms highly rational, as any sect or religious community can pretend to without any implication of that condition. Every one allows that religion is a certain system of faith and practice, by which we hope to insure the divine approbation here, and celestial happiness hereafter; also that our system is briefly comprehended in the ten commandments; and this notion is agreeable to the Christian hypothesis; for says Christ "If thou wilt enter into life keep the commandments;" ‖ but this general command it is impossible to keep, without a certain principle established in our hearts thro faith in his name enabling us so to do. Therefore when Christ was asked by a Jewish

\* *John*. vii. 17. ‖ *Math*. xix. 17.

Jewish lawyer, "*which was the great commandment in the law?*" he said unto him "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy mind, This*" says he "*is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.*" *Mat. xxii. 35—40.* Agreeably to this declaration speaks the apostle Paul. *Rom. xiii. 8, 9, 10.* "Owe no man any thing, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. For this; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear false witness; thou shalt not coquet; and, if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying; namely, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.* Love worketh no evil to his neighbour; therefore LOVE is the fulfilling of the law." Every sect is too prone to confine true religion or christianity in idea, to itself, and to deny the *pure and unadulterated existence* of it in any other. But let us take the plain and unequivocal word of Christ himself in the matter: For, though we have in this world many religious distinctions of our own creating, he assures us, that in the great day of judgment he will make but one, viz. between the good and evil doers; or, as he terms those two SECTS "*the sheep and the goats.*" Need we ask the question after what we have heard or read, who are the true sheep or followers of him, "*the great shepherd and bishop of souls?*" He tells us (*Mat. xxv.*) they are those who *for his sake* feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, clothe the naked, and visit the sick; and the goats are those who do not so. "These" says he "*shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.*" Agreeably with this account, one of his favourite disciples, St.

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James

James, says, Chap. i. 27. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fathers and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." And the beloved disciple St. John says, *the religion of his dear Master is a love to GOD, excited in our hearts, from a sense of his love to us received by faith and manifested by his spirit; and this love begetting in us a similar love to our neighbour.* And herein it differs from that which we call humanity; which is neither more nor less than the talent of brotherly regard in its first unchristianized, or unregenerate state, as we find it existing equally in the breast of the honest heathen; nay, in that of some drunkards and whoremongers, as in that of the merely nominal or lukewarm Christian; that is, accidentally, as we find something like it in horses and dogs, in the elephant and many other beasts of the earth. Hence it is said in scripture that without faith it is impossible to please God. And that "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned!" These are *seemingly* hard sayings; but I hope they will cease to appear so when they appear in their true meaning, which is miserably obscured by comments of some nominal christians; comments which are diabolical enough to disgrace the Alcoran. First then, it will be necessary to shew what faith is, both by definition and illustration. In the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the *Hebrews* and first verse St. Paul defines faith to be "The substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen." In other words. *Faith is a supernatural evidence or conviction wrought in our hearts by the spirit of GOD, of the real existence and substantiality of those blessings which we are taught to hope for in the gospel; an evidence, conviction, or assurance, which realizes to our souls divine things, which are imperceptible by our natural understanding.* This exposition is illustrated throughout the



the chapter just now quoted. This is that faith which carries the Christian through all his labours, trials, and afflictions to the possession of those things for which he endures them. He possesses them by a kind of anticipation of which no earthly anticipation of happiness can communicate a suitable idea. The man who hath realized in his own soul the existence of a just and merciful GOD, who will most assuredly reward or punish him according to his works, cannot but act suitably to that conviction. There may an inferior and *frankish* conviction of that nature exist in some minds; but the faith which produceth not love to God and our neighbour, and suitable actions in us, is dead; as St. James informs us. True faith is wholly the gift of God. It is this conviction that quenches the violence of the flames to the suffering martyr, by making his confidence in *things above*, superior to his apprehensions or sufferings from things below. This is often known to fortify the most feeble-minded in the day of trial. The definition comprehends miracle-working as well as ordinary faith. But indeed all true faith works miracles: it makes a man superior to himself. It is written in the Book of *Joshua*, that as soon as the priests that bare the ark had dipped their feet in the brim of the waters of Jordan; the river opened of itself and they passed over on dry ground, and thus were followed through by thousands of the people to the other side. Now if these men had not faith, i. e. the substance of things hoped for; the evidence "of things not seen" or *perceptible by their natural understanding*, wrought in their hearts might they not justly be deemed madmen, or would any of them act so madly as to step with a load on their shoulders into a mighty river which at that time overflowed its banks? And, could any man who had not the like faith in the love of GOD to him in Christ Jesus, suffer with joyful resignation, to be scourged, burned alive, or sawn asunder, for the cause of Christianity?

Or could the man who had this evidence of redeeming love in his heart avoid loving his neighbour and consequently doing his duty to him even if there were no commandment of GOD written but that inscribed on his heart by faith. "If ye love me" says Christ "ye will keep my commandments." And we find that all those commandments are comprised in *love* to our neighbour, as a natural effect of our *love* to GOD. Here then we see the nature and effects of this faith which bringeth salvation, and without which it is impossible to please GOD, though we were to give that ignorant, that blind assent which many in this world call faith, to the finest and most orthodox system of doctrines that ever were taught. Hope is but the dawning of this faith; but *love*, or, as we have translated it "*Charity*" is the completion of it; and therefore the greatest of these three theological virtues.

However we may pride ourselves in being distinguished by the name of *Roman Catholic*, *Protestant*, *Methodist* or *Quaker*, the great AUTHOR of Christianity, who will make but one distinction amongst men in the day of judgment, has given but one mark by which he would have his followers distinguished in this world: "By this," says he, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have *love* one to another." And his beloved *John* says, "by this we know we have passed from death unto life, because we *love* the brethren." *Love to God and our neighbour* is therefore that *grace* by which we are capable of salvation here and hereafter; and *the exercise of it is true religion*. All notions and forms of religion, even though warrantable from scripture, are (short of this) only the *means* of grace. Attendance on prayers, preaching, and sacraments, is only the *form* of godliness, and may very possibly exist without the *power*. Pity that we should mistake those forms of worship for religion itself! The faith now described, both as to its nature

nature and effects, is not tied to any sect. It may influence the Roman Catholic as well as the Protestant; and while it does, he will act suitably and consistently with the utmost of his information. And this information will not continue either a partial or blind one to the person who is led by such faith; for, as I quoted before—if any man be a doer of the Divine will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.

Seeing then, that *true Christianity is the love of God and our neighbour, produced in our hearts by faith, and evidenced by works of mercy to the souls and bodies of our fellow-creatures*, with what face can any man assert, that the *Christian religion*, or more properly speaking, *Christianity*, is the cause of all this rebellion and bloodshed? Is it the *love of God and our neighbour*, i. e. *Christianity*, that strewed the streets of Ross, and the surrounding fields and highways, with thousands of the dead carcases of our fellow-creatures?—“Whence comes wars and fightings amongst you?” says holy James, “Come they not of your lusts?” Is it the *love of God and our neighbour* that lighted up the barn of *Scol-labogue*, and burned to death so many of our neighbours? Is it that which inflamed the rebels on *Wexford-bridge* and *Vinegar-hill*? *Christianity*? No; but that which has falsely usurped the name of that religion, which is “pure and undefiled.” It is what the prophet Daniel justly styles, “the abomination of desolation;” or, *which maketh desolate* “standing in the holy place.” A heathen, who knew not what religion meant, might exclaim on the occasion, “*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!*” But how painful must it be to an enlightened Christian mind, to hear a *professor* of Christianity apply this line to the infernal proceedings so lately rampant upon earth! As if the effusion of a heathen poet were of more authority in fixing our ideas of Christianity than the Holy Scriptures themselves. What!

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is the *love of God and our neighbour* the cause of rebellion, robbery, tortures, and death? What then is the best remedy for those evils? Is it "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness?" Absurdity stares the assertion out of countenance!

Now I hope my readers see plainly the gross absurdity of that wisdom which dictates *any thing* derogatory to Christianity. "This wisdom," says St. James, "descendeth not from above; but is earthly, sensual, devilish. For," continues he, "where envying and strife is, there is contention and every evil work. But the wisdom that is from above, is first pure, and then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated; full of mercy and good fruits; without partiality and hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."—*James iii. 15, 16, 17, and 18.*

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#### No. IV.

The following article is extracted from two Essays of mine, one published in the *Leinster Journal*, May 11, 1799,\* and the other designed for one of *Walker's Hibernian Magazines*, but rejected on account of its enormous length.

I ask in the name of Christianity, in the name of charity and common sense, what good end can it answer to talk so provokingly contemptuous (at this season more especially) of the *religion* of any community, as to term it, and that in presence of the professor, "the croppy persuasion," and the like? Are Roman Catholics and Protestants still to live together in this kingdom? Surely you *do* not, you *cannot* answer "no!" We *may* live together, let us arrange mat-

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\* It was written in December 1798.

ters as we will. What then are the most desirable and rational conditions of that *unavoidable* proximity, but those founded on *Christian benevolence*? How then are we to obtain the mutual establishment of those invaluable conditions? Certainly not by language the most exquisitely provoking that hell itself can suggest! Language that has for the objects of its cutting virulence what are universally esteemed the dearest, nay the *only* ties which subsist between God and immortal souls, even those of religion. It is *base*, thus *unnecessarily* to grieve, if not provoke, our still valuable countrymen, when we should, after the manner prescribed by our holy religion, strive rather to reclaim them, by "overcoming evil with good." It is *ungrateful*: why should we insult any of our brave *soldiers*? Believe me, my dear countrymen, the free and indiscriminate use of such language is the direct way to the promotion of that war and bloodshed against which we are taught so rationally and devoutly to pray.

Suffer me to advise you (friends to your King and constitution) how you may subdue the *minds* of the people, and thereby confirm, in *reality*, all those good effects which we may now justly fear are only partially produced. This cannot be effected by overhearing and towering admonitions to them. Be assured, that while the unroofed cabin, burned for the disloyalty of the owner, continues to stare him in the face with its gaping door-way and blank windows, and the bleak wind howls through the miserable little ruin, it will preach a rebel sermon to his heart and to the hearts of his family, which will completely counteract all the grave principles of loyalty you could possibly labour in that strain to inculcate.

There is nothing which we give with such profuse liberality as good advice, because it costs us nothing, and because it gives us an air of superiority over those to whom it

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is administered. But it often thereby flatters principles which are not so good as self-love would teach us to imagine. That advice which is not administered in humble sympathy is never known to succeed, especially with the man who is very deeply immersed in guilt or error, both which always take refuge in sulky stubborn pride, except in the heart of the true penitent; therefore, as far as may be consistent with a hearty disapprobation of the evils you would remove, speak comfortably to them. Speak to them in words that may induce them to join with you in deploring the mischiefs of rebellion. This may easily be effected by any man of a *truly* Christian spirit. And if in their professions of penitence you would have them to be sincere, I will tell you how you may effect that too. *Convince them of your own sincerity first.* Help to build up the burned cabin; take the shivering infant-inhabitants to your bosom; feed them, clothe them, and labour to insil into their tender minds principles of *love to God and man*.\* This would be acting the *Christian Protestant* towards them. By these means you may perfect the conquest internally, which you have already made over them externally. You will melt down their stubborn, sulky, and naturally-warm hearts; and from them soon see flowing that genuine gratitude of which Irishmen (notwithstanding their barbarously-vengeful spirit) are, perhaps, of all men under heaven, the most susceptible.

\* Thus artists melt the fullen ore of lead,

\* By heaping coals of fire on its head:

\* In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow;

\* And pure from dross the silver runs below."

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\* Oh! that this had been attempted when it was much more practicable! that the children of rebels were forfeited to government, sent to our charter-schools, taught principles of true Christianity and loyalty, and made useful members of society!

The advice I have now taken upon me to give is perfectly consistent with that of the great apostle, *Rom. xii. 20.* "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

I shall conclude with a few short golden aphorisms from honest *William Penn*, whom I believe to have been the greatest *Christian* legislator, as well as one of the best of men, that ever breathed. I address them to both parties.

"It is as great presumption to send our passions upon *God's errand* as to palliate them with *God's name*. Zeal dropt in charity [*love*] is good; without it, good for nothing; for it devours all it comes near. We are ready to retaliate rather than forgive or gain by *love* or information; and yet we could hurt no man that we believe *loves* us: let us then try what *love* will do; for, if men do once see that we *love* them, we should soon find that they would not hurt us. *Force* may *subdue*, but *love* *gains*; and he that forgives first, wins the laurel."

J. ALEXANDER.

## No. V.

The author is not ignorant of the horrid principles upon which the general massacres in this unfortunate kingdom were perpetrated. An investigation of them is wholly unnecessary. To a Christian mind it were ungracious to the last degree! Yet he thinks it necessary in this place to obviate an argument by which his peaceably-disposed sentiments were formerly entangled, especially as he has made use that of argument in print. His error lay in jumbling

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and confounding the *religious* and *political* principles of the rebellion together.

Hibern. Magaz. Nov. 1798, p. 795, right-hand column. "What fault" I asked "was ever found with the religion of *Harvey, Grogan, &c.*" While we are to suppose those gentlemen *Protestants*, it is as evidently preposterous to suppose that their designs were levelled against their *Protestant* countrymen, *merely as such*, as it would be to suppose the murderous *Popish* rabble to direct all their fury of zeal for the extirpation of all Papists. And yet, I would fain hope the best! I would fain hope that their fury was directed against Orange-men, to whose excellent and loyal character they *professed* to have attached ideas almost as horrible as those *justly* applicable to their own. But shall we copy them even in the remotest degree? God forbid! If they have acted the P—— the persecutor towards us, let us act the true Protestant towards them, and plainly evince our honest and truly Christian *protestation* against their persecuting and intolerant zeal, by treating them with mercy, and, if possible, shaming their infernal principles out of countenance!

F I N I S.













